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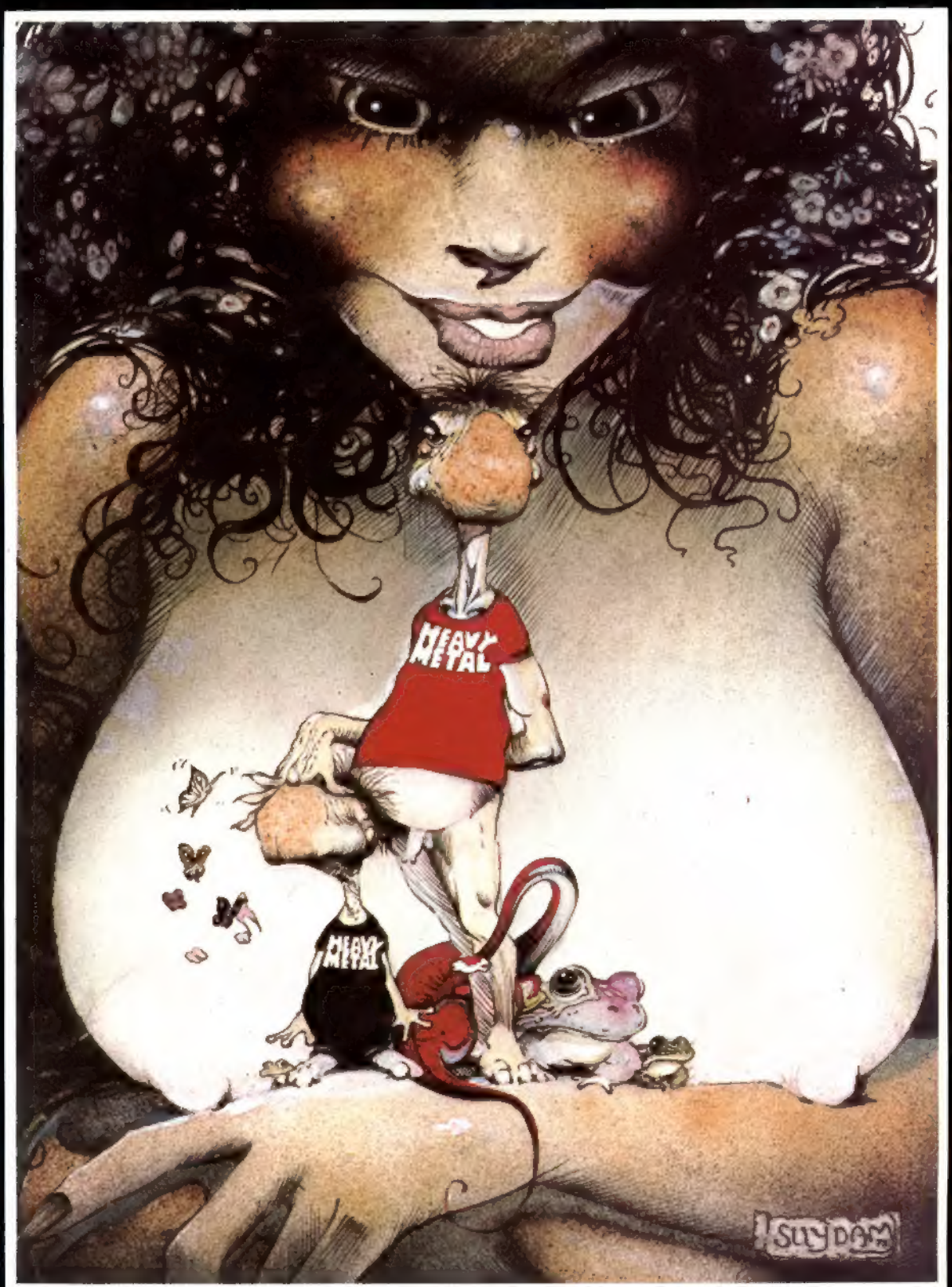

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CONTENTS

Bloodstar, by Robert E. Howard. Adapted by John Jakes and John Pocsik. Illustrated by Richard Corben, 7

What Is Reality, Papa? by Ribera and Godard, 18

Edward in Love, by Dominique He, 25

Changes, by Matt Howarth, 29

Fear Not Your Enemies, an essay by Harlan Ellison, 34

Salammbo, by Druillet. Adapted from the original *Salammbo*, by Gustave Flaubert, 36

Ambassador of the Shadows, by Christin and Mezieres, 54

Tex Arcana, by John Findley, 65

The Man with the Suitcase, by Jean Teulé, 71

Milady 3000, by Magnus, 73

Rock Opera, by Rod Kierkegaard, Jr., 92

The Empire Grows Back, by Don Butler, 96

Chain Mail, 6

Coming Next Month, 96

Front cover, God Jokes, by Abdul Mati Klarwein

Back cover, I See Spots, by Jeronaton

Illustration by Rick Bryant

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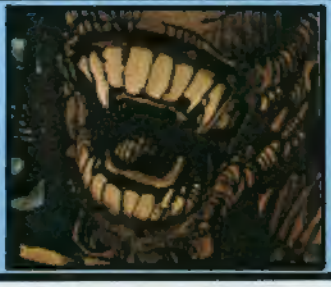

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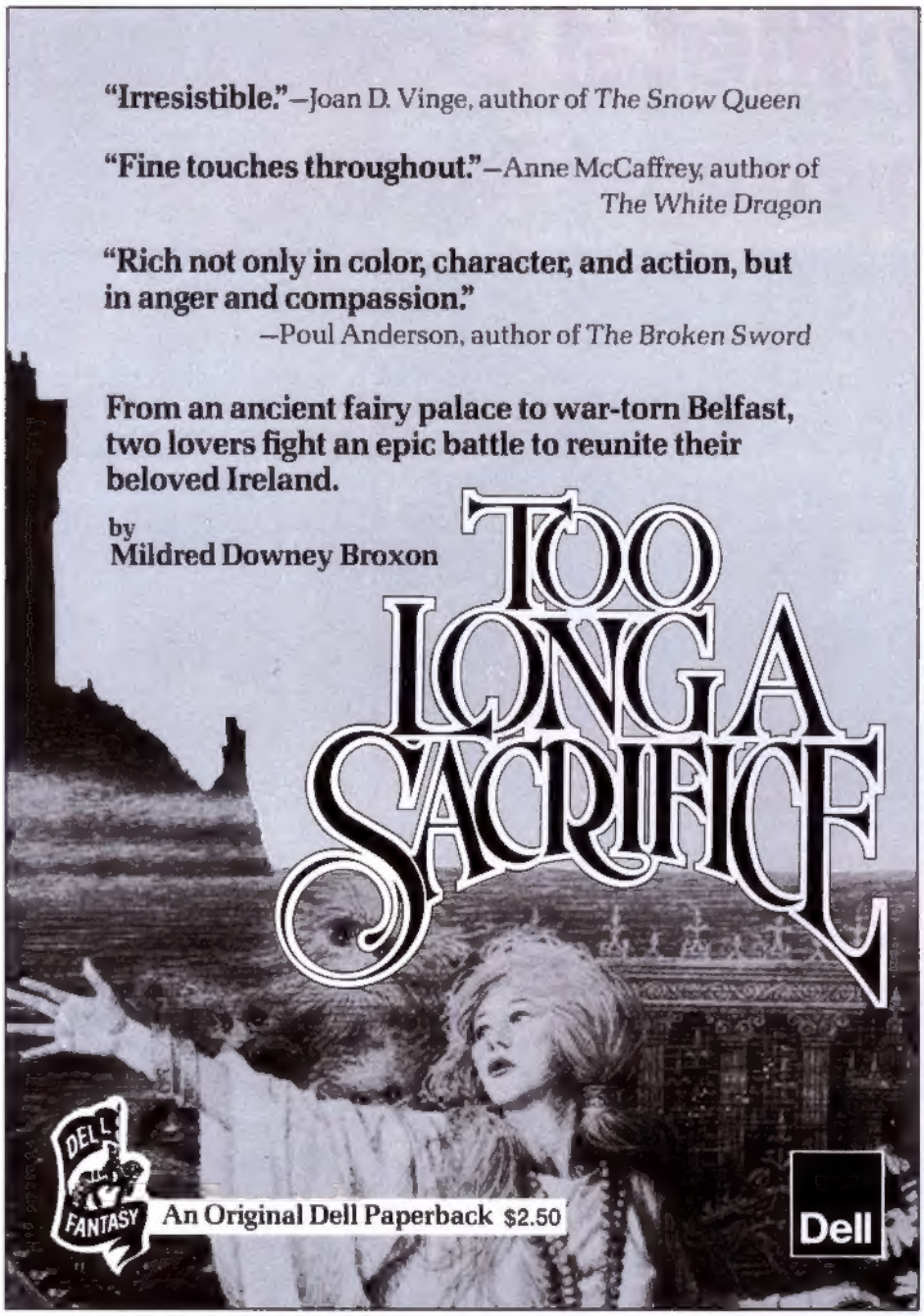

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CHAIN MAIL

Dear Heavy:

I'm a rocker—thirty-two years old, grown-up wrong with the Stones and always worked in the music industry. I loved your October rock issue. It makes me feel good to enjoy your usual excellent artwork with story lines that speak rock 'n' roll on my level.

But the killer—praise and thanks to Ted White and Ernie Colon for "Let It Be." I particularly like their optimism that Brian Wilson will collect all his marbles (Soon! Please, Brian, soon!) and improve to the point of someday having an informal drink in the library with Paul McCartney. McCartney says *Sgt. Pepper* was influenced by and meant to outdo *Pet Sounds*. Back in '67, when Brian heard *Sgt. Pepper*, he freaked out and *Smile* disintegrated into *Smily Smile*.

And since I'm one of those pretentious assholes who think *Pet Sounds* is even better than *Sgt. Pepper*, my sympathies are always for Brian. I appreciate Ernie's depicting Brian as having money and distinction. Brian probably will be fat as an older man, but at least there's no piano and sandbox in the corner. And I like Ted's perspective of late Beach Boys albums, which are uniformly excellent but don't sell for shit.

Thanks, guys. You hit me in my rock-and-roll heart.

A Womp-Bop-A-Lo-Bop-A-Wop-Bam-Boom

Tony Trauring
Atlanta, Georgia

ROBERT E. HOWARD'S

BLOODSTAR

BY RICHARD CORBEN, JOHN JAKES, AND JOHN POCSIK

Last we saw, Grom told young Bloodstar of his father. The two had met some years before during battle, when the elder Bloodstar defeated Grom while fighting but saved him from a cruel death by defending him against Helva, the daughter of the Aesir war chief. In the fight, Byrdag's regime beat Grom's jungle comrades, but talk of the old leader's possible retirement has one of the young warriors plotting ahead.

BLOODSTAR AND LOKNAR WERE ALIKE IN MANY WAYS BUT DIFFERED GREATLY IN TEMPERAMENT AND GOALS. LOKNAR LUSTED FOR THE AESIR CHIEFTAINSHIP WHILE BLOODSTAR WAS CONTENT TO FOLLOW QUIETLY. BYRDAG'S CONDITION CHANGED LITTLE AS THE DAYS PASSED. LOKNAR TURNED ALOOF AND MOODY, STAYING AWAY FROM HIS OLD FRIEND. WHENEVER THEY MET, BLOODSTAR NOTICED AN ODD LIGHT IN LOKNAR'S EYES THAT TROUBLED HIM.

HELVA TOO WAS DEPRESSED, SHADOWED BY GRIEF FOR HER FATHER. I ALSO CAUGHT HER WATCHING BLOODSTAR WITH AN EXPRESSION I THOUGHT I UNDERSTOOD ALL TOO WELL.

MY OWN WOUNDS MENDED QUICKLY. I SPENT A GREAT DEAL OF TIME WITH MY SAVIOR, AND SOON BLOODSTAR MASTERED THE TONGUE OF THE JUNGLE FOLK. IT TOOK SOMEWHAT LONGER FOR ME TO LEARN HIS. WE BECAME HUNTING COMPANIONS — AND FRIENDS.

BLOODSTAR, I'VE BEEN THINKING —

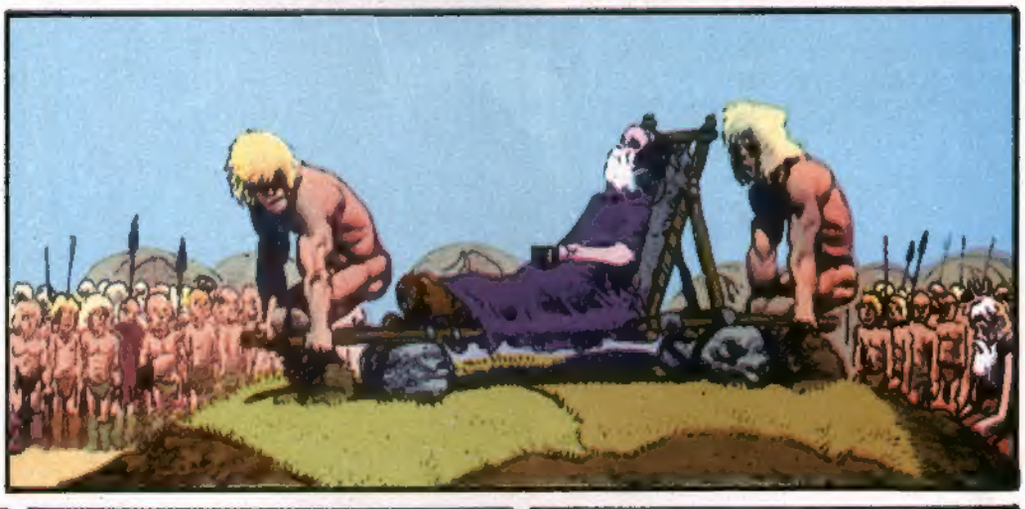
WITH YOUR CRACKED PATE? A MIRACLE INDEED, GROM!

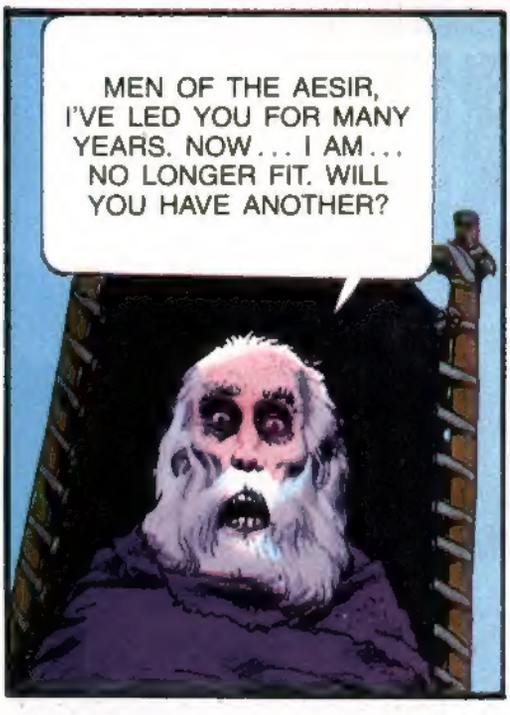
NO — LISTEN! THERE CAN BE ADVANTAGES FOR BOTH OUR PEOPLES IF THERE IS PEACE BETWEEN US. LET ME RETURN TO MY TRIBE AND TELL THEM OF THE WAYS OF THE AESIR.

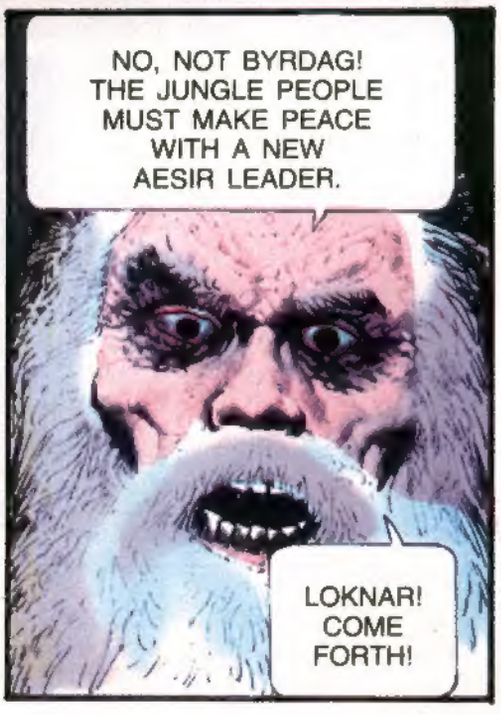
WELL, GO IF YOU WILL. I DON'T CARE ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, BUT I'LL NOT HOLD YOU AS A SLAVE IF YOU WANT TO LEAVE. YOU'RE TOO GREAT A FIGHTER.
OH, I'LL BE BACK, MY FRIEND.
JUST TELL YOUR JUNGLE BROTHERS NOT TO PUT AN ARROW IN MY BACK!

THOUGH BLOODSTAR HAD LITTLE FAITH IN MY PEACE-MAKING SKILLS, MY PEOPLE WERE IMPRESSED — BOTH BY THE FEROCITY OF THE YELLOWHAIR WARRIORS AND THEIR SPARING OF MY LIFE. WITHIN A WEEK, OUR CLAN CHIEFS EMERGED FROM THE JUNGLE TO THE RATTLE OF THE SACRED DRUMS.

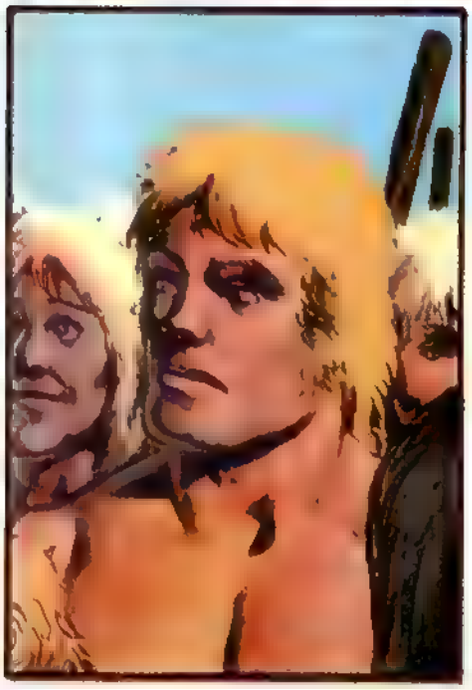
OUR PEACE DELEGATION TOOK THE AESIR BY SURPRISE. THE ENTIRE TRIBE WAS CALLED TO THE COUNCIL MOUND. A HUSH FELL OVER THEM AS THEY BEHELD BYRDAG'S WASTED FORM AND FEVER-RIDDEN COUNTENANCE.







BLOODSTAR CHEERED THE NEW LEADER LIKE THE REST, BUT HIS HEART WAS SAD AS HE WATCHED LOKNAR CARESS THE BAND OF LEADERSHIP. BLOODSTAR TURNED AND FOUND HELVA WATCHING HIM. THEIR EYES MET WITH AN INTENSE LONGING THAT COULD, IN A SINGLE INSTANT, UNITE THEM FOR ALL TIME



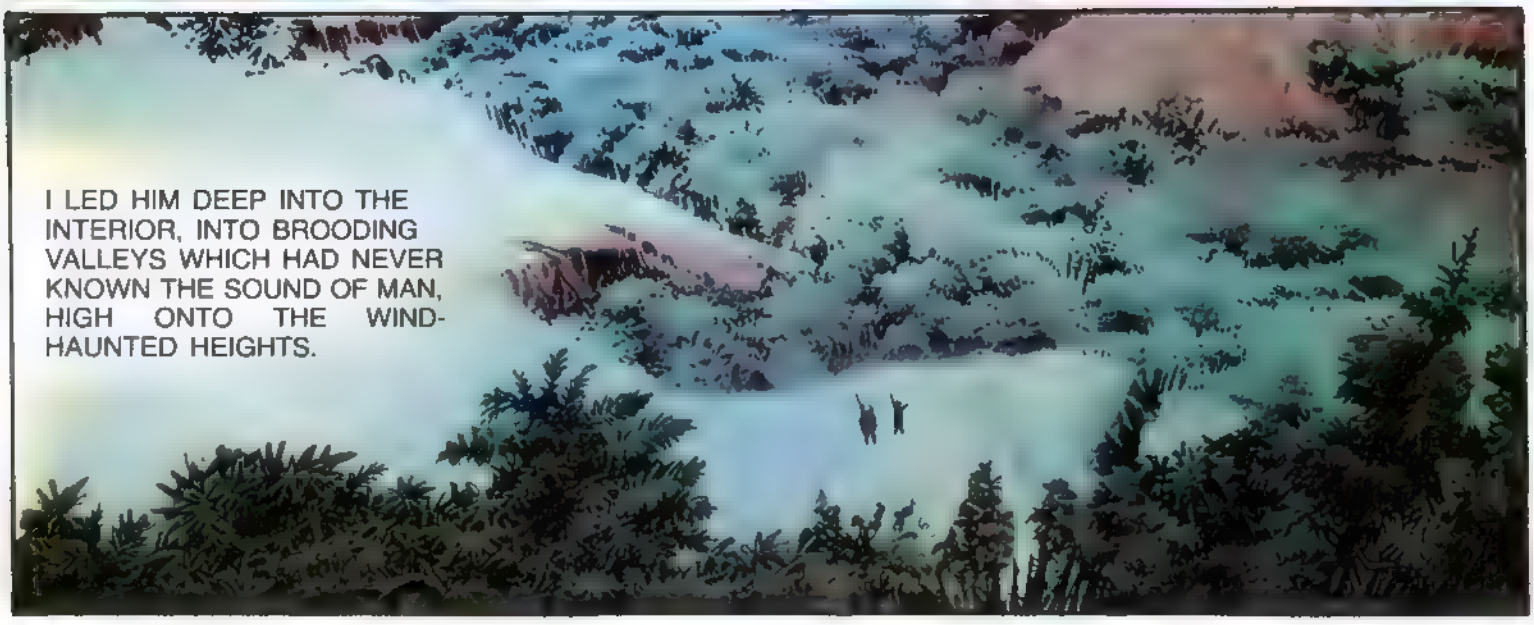
HELVA TURNED AWAY, LOWERING HER HEAD AS A CRIMSON FLUSH OVERSPREAD HER FACE. SHE KNEW — AS DID HE — THEIR DESIRE WAS ALREADY DOOMED. BY CUSTOM AND LAW, SHE — THE DAUGHTER OF AN AESIR WAR CHIEF — MUST GO VIRGINAL TO THE BED OF THE MAN ACKNOWLEDGED AS BYRDAG'S SUCCESSOR.

AND THOUGH HE HAD NO DESIRE TO BECOME A LEADER, BLOODSTAR REGRETTED IT WAS NOT HIS MASSIVE ARM THAT THE BAND OF POWER ENCIRCLED. HIS LOVE FOR HELVA WOULD FOREVER SMOULDER, UNFED, IN THE HEARTH OF HIS HEART.

THAT NIGHT, AS LOKNAR SAT UPON BYRDAG'S THRONE, PEACE WAS MADE BETWEEN THE AESIR AND THE JUNGLE TRIBES. THE AESIR SWORE TO COLD YMIR WHILE MY PEOPLE MADE THEIR PACTS BY ZEG AND HIS NAMELESS CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT.

WE ALL SAT AROUND THE FIRES, FEASTING AND DRINKING THE POTENT LIQUOR OF FERMENTED FRUIT, WHICH MADE US ALL SICK. THEREAFTER WE LIVED PEACEFULLY WITH EACH OTHER.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE WEDDING OF LOKNAR AND HELVA CAUSED MUCH EXCITEMENT AMONG THE AESIR. BLOODSTAR SHUNNED THESE FESTIVITIES, PREFERRING TO HUNT THE SILENT JUNGLES WITH ME. I COULD NOT BLAME HIM.



I LED HIM DEEP INTO THE INTERIOR, INTO BROODING VALLEYS WHICH HAD NEVER KNOWN THE SOUND OF MAN, HIGH ONTO THE WIND-HAUNTED HEIGHTS.

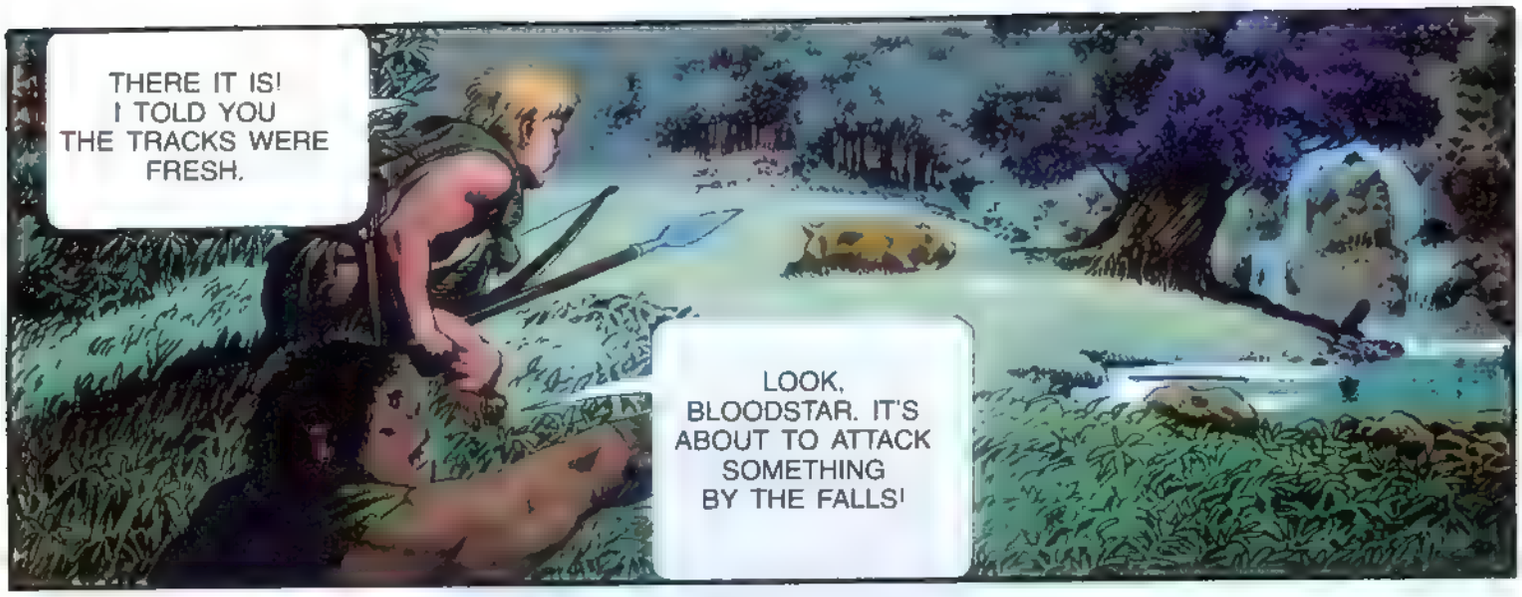
BUT THERE WAS ONE DARK VALLEY OF RUINS, TOWARD THE NORTH, INTO WHICH I WOULD ON NO ACCOUNT TAKE HIM. EVIL MAGIC STILL CLUNG TO THE STONEWORK AND SHATTERED RELICS NEARLY HIDDEN BY THE CREEPERS.

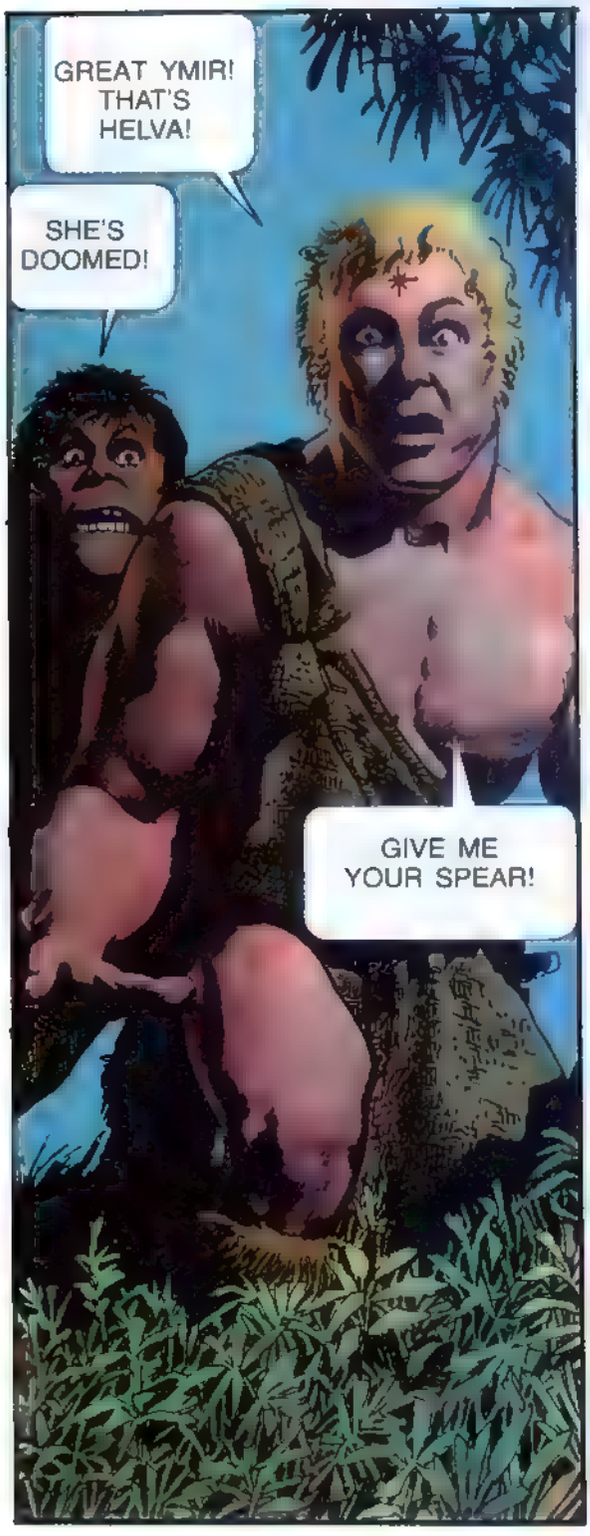
GROM, I SHOULD LIKE TO EXAMINE THOSE RUINS MORE CLOSELY.
NO! A GREAT EVIL LIVES DOWN THERE! AN ENTIRE CLAN OF MY PEOPLE PERISHED THERE A LONG TIME AGO.
NO! ASK ME TO FACE A WEREBEAR OR A GHOSTIGER . . . OR WRESTLE THE MONSTER SATHA. I'D DO THAT TO AVOID ENTERING THAT VALLEY AGAIN!

FORTUNATELY I CONVINCED HIM TO ABANDON HIS FOOLHARDY IDEA. THE NEXT MORNING WE STARTED BACK TOWARD THE CAMP OF THE AESIR WITH FOUR SMALL LOPERS.

THESE PELTS WILL MAKE SOME FINE BOOTS AND LEGGINGS, EH?
GROM! AREN'T THOSE GHOSTIGER TRACKS?
LET'S FOLLOW THEM.
UH . . . THAT'S A BRAVE IDEA, BLOODSTAR. BUT WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE TO DO WHEN WE CATCH UP WITH IT?

OH, I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING. NEVER KILLED A GHOSTIGER BEFORE. LET'S HANG THESE IN THE TREE.
IF WE DON'T FIND IT BY NIGHTFALL, WE'LL GO ON BACK.
ZEG PROTECT POOR OLD GROM!


THERE IT IS! I TOLD YOU THE TRACKS WERE FRESH.
LOOK, BLOODSTAR. IT'S ABOUT TO ATTACK SOMETHING BY THE FALLS!


GREAT YMIR! THAT'S HELVA!
SHE'S DOOMED!
GIVE ME YOUR SPEAR!

NO, BLOODSTAR! SHE'S LOST! YOU CAN'T KILL —
HELVA! RUN!

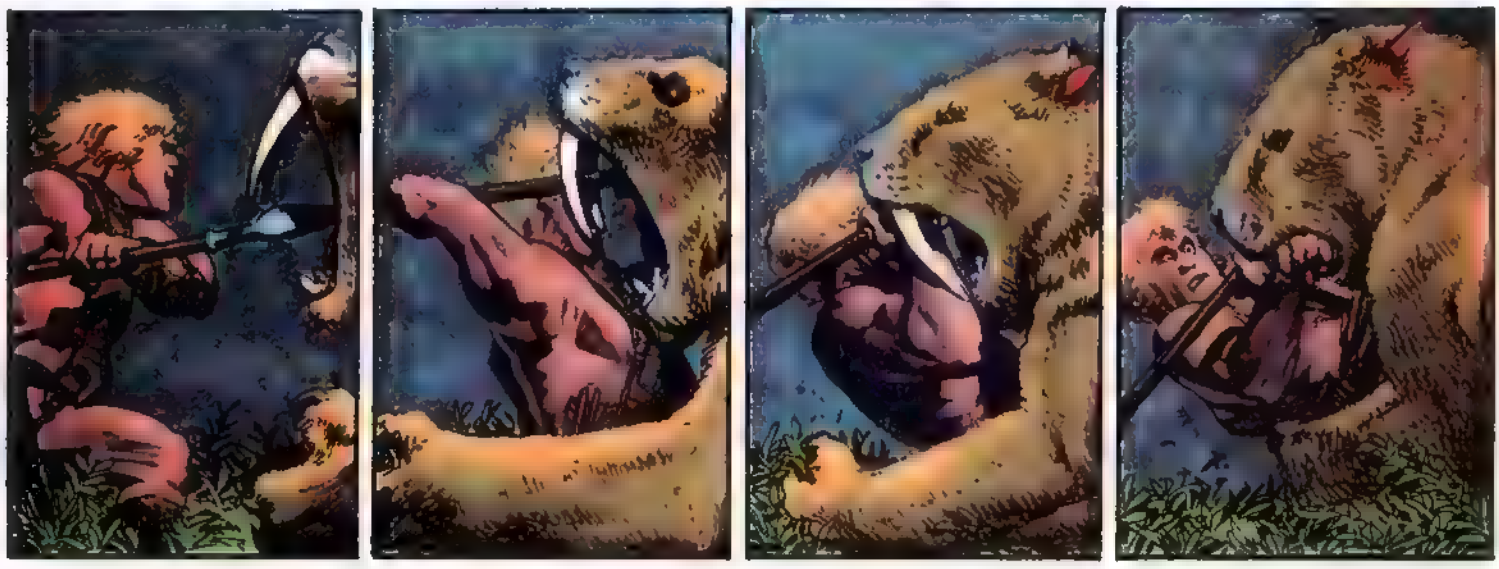
GROO

OUCH!
THUNK

THE GHOSTIGER SCREAMED IN PAIN AS IT BOUNDED TOWARD ITS ATTACKER. I WATCHED WITH MY HEART IN MY MOUTH AS BLOODSTAR CLOSED THE GAP WITH GIGANTIC BOUNDS.

BLOODSTAR SPRANG AT THE FURRY TERROR

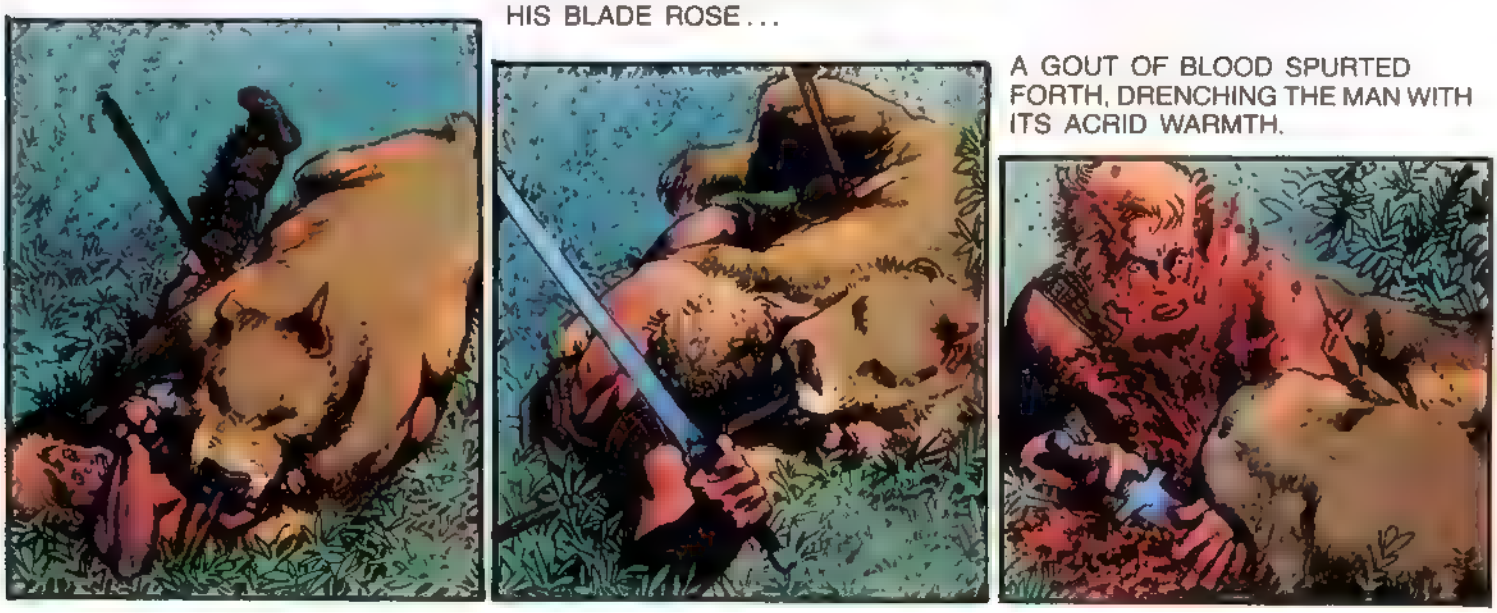
THE TIGER'S JAWS OPENED WIDE. HIS SPEAR CLASHED OFF A FANG AND PLUNGED ON DEEP INTO THE CREATURE'S BRAIN. THE SWORDLIKE TEETH SWEPT DOWNWARD, RIPPING INTO BLOODSTAR'S CHEST, CLOSING ROUND HIS ARM.

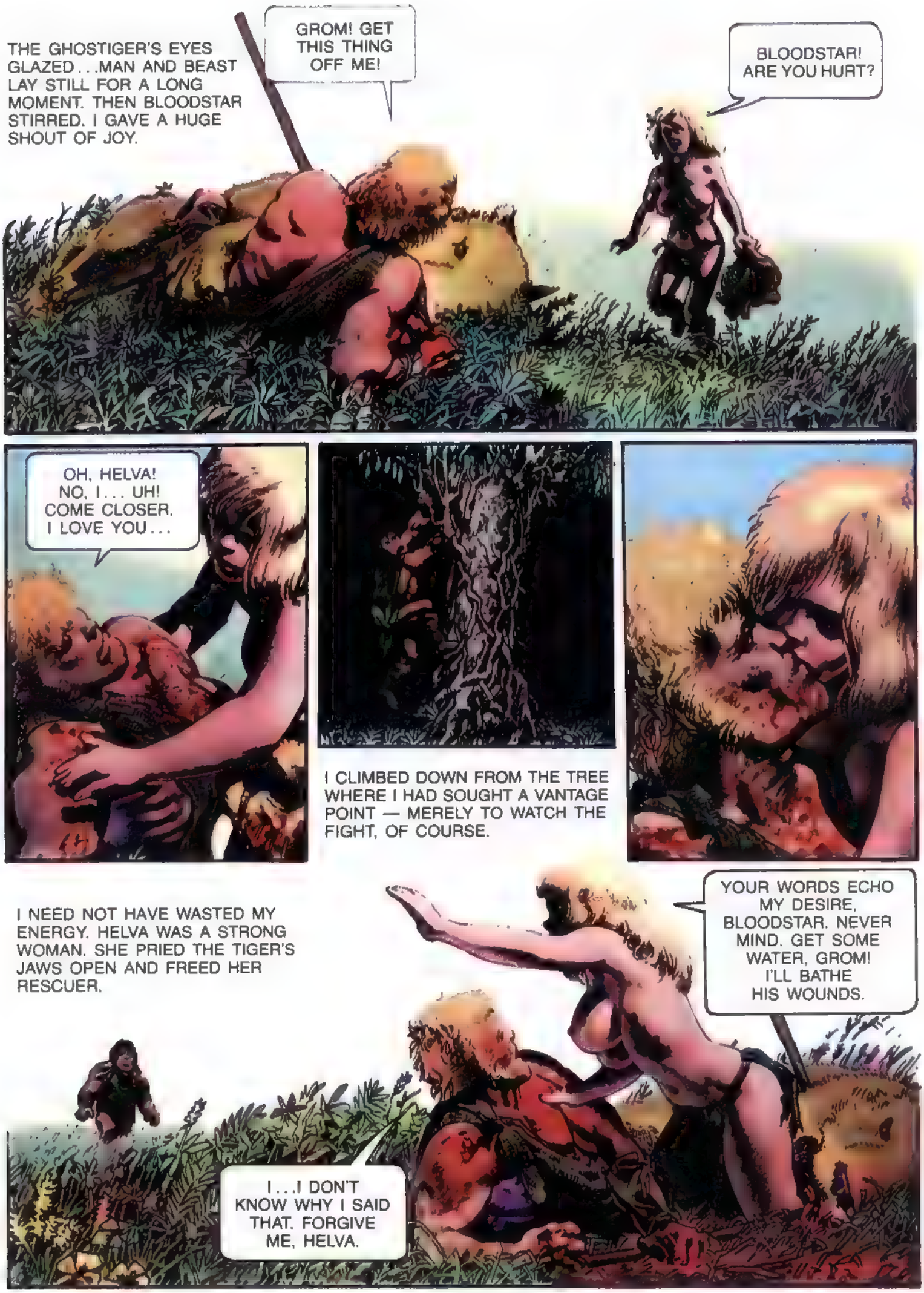


BLOODSTAR WENT DOWN BENEATH THE CREATURE'S MASSIVE WEIGHT.

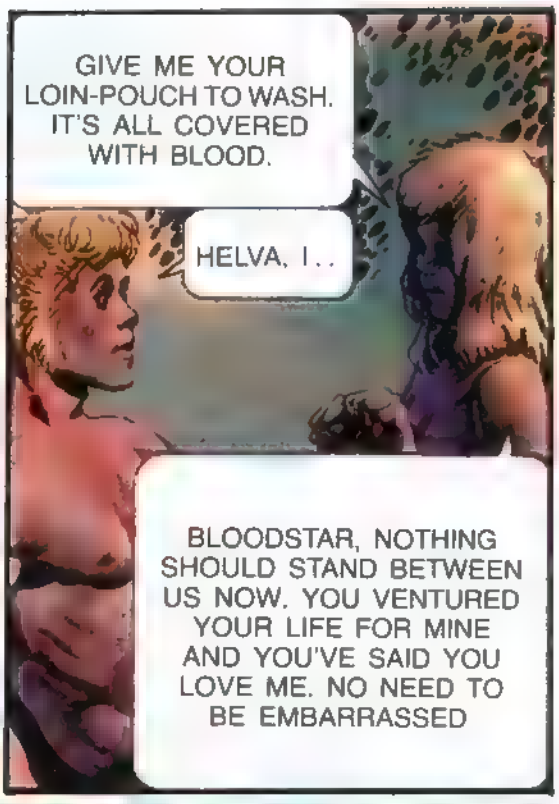
AND STILL THE DYING BEAST TRIED TO REND ITS PREY, DRAWING UP ITS HIND LIMBS TO DISEMBOWEL. HIS BLADE ROSE...

A GOUT OF BLOOD SPURTED FORTH, DRENCHING THE MAN WITH ITS ACRID WARMTH.




THE GHOSTIGER'S EYES GLAZED...MAN AND BEAST LAY STILL FOR A LONG MOMENT. THEN BLOODSTAR STIRRED. I GAVE A HUGE SHOUT OF JOY.
GROM! GET THIS THING OFF ME!
BLOODSTAR! ARE YOU HURT?
OH, HELVA! NO, I... UH! COME CLOSER. I LOVE YOU...
I CLIMBED DOWN FROM THE TREE WHERE I HAD SOUGHT A VANTAGE POINT — MERELY TO WATCH THE FIGHT, OF COURSE.
I NEED NOT HAVE WASTED MY ENERGY. HELVA WAS A STRONG WOMAN. SHE PRIED THE TIGER'S JAWS OPEN AND FREED HER RESCUER.
YOUR WORDS ECHO MY DESIRE, BLOODSTAR. NEVER MIND. GET SOME WATER, GROM! I'LL BATHE HIS WOUNDS.
I...I DON'T KNOW WHY I SAID THAT. FORGIVE ME, HELVA.

I WENT BACK TO RETRIEVE THE LOPERS. WHILE I WAS GONE, SOMETHING OF FAR-REACHING CONSEQUENCE OCCURRED BETWEEN BLOODSTAR AND HELVA. THE NEARNESS OF THE GIRL'S LUSH FIGURE WAS HAVING DEVASTATING CONSEQUENCES UPON HIS BODY.


GIVE ME YOUR LOIN-POUCH TO WASH. IT'S ALL COVERED WITH BLOOD.
HELVA, I..
BLOODSTAR, NOTHING SHOULD STAND BETWEEN US NOW. YOU VENTURED YOUR LIFE FOR MINE AND YOU'VE SAID YOU LOVE ME. NO NEED TO BE EMBARRASSED

THE QUIET GLEN ECHOED TO THEIR CRIES OF PASSION.

THEIR LOVE-DANCE ENDED, THEY LAY INTERTWINED. SUDDENLY THEY WERE AWARE OF HOSTILE EYES.

THEY HAD BEEN CAUGHT IN AN ACT THAT VIOLATED AESIR CUSTOM. HELVA HAD BEEN PLEDGED TO WED LOKNAR. BUT NOW, NO LONGER A MAIDEN, SHE WOULD BE CONSIDERED UNCLEAN FOR THE NEW CHIEF'S BED. LOKNAR HAD SEEN EVERYTHING. HIS FEATURES WERE TWISTED WITH RAGE AND JEALOUSY. THOUGH HELVA COULD NOT BY PHYSICALLY PUNISHED, BLOODSTAR COULD . . .

THE TEETH OF YMIR! ONLY THRICE BEFORE, IN BLOODSTAR'S LIFETIME, HAD THIS ORDEAL BEEN USED, AS HE WHISPERED TO ME. THOUGH NO ONE HAD EVER SURVIVED IT, HE VOWED HE WOULD YMIR, HE SAID, KNEW THAT HIS LOVE FOR HELVA WAS GOOD. HE ASKED ME TO WATCH OVER HER AS THE GUARDS TOOK HIM OFF.

TO BE CONTINUED

HEAVY COMIX!

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What Is Reality, Papa?

Hollywood was all aflutter last we saw. The townspeople were panicked at the recent trend in which actors throughout Univers-all were taking their roles all too seriously. Stuart, the troubled studio head, was attacked and slain by a crazed motorcycle clan. Chimeer was kidnapped by two SS men, and Axle is believed to be the pope's envoy.

AXLE! THE GENERAL ATMOSPHERE ON THIS PLANET IS SOMEWHAT STRANGE, DON'T YOU THINK? PEOPLE SEEM TO LIVE IN VARIOUS ERAS IN HISTORY WHICH DON'T COINCIDE! AND WHAT ARE THESE PEOPLE DOING ON A MOVIE SET?...
YOU SEEM ASTOUNDED TO FIND ME HERE, MY DEAR CARDINAL
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, YOUR HOLINESS!
WOODY ALLEN
BELIEVE ME, IT WAS NECESSARY FOR ME TO COME! FOR A LONG TIME NOW I'VE FELT THAT HITLER WAS TOO WEAK. TOO INDECISIVE TOO HUMAN? A DUBIOUS FAITH IN THE WHITE RACE! MOREOVER, HE HAS SARACEN BLOOD IN HIS VEINS, FROM HIS GRANDMOTHER. IN SHORT, HE CAN'T BE TRUSTED!
I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE YOU TO MY BEST LIEUTENANTS..
BLOND WITH BLUE EYES, ARYAN, AS YOU CAN SEE. HERMANN GOERING, RUDOLF HESS, MARTIN BORMANN, HEINRICH HIMMLER, MARSHAL KEITEL, DR. GOBBELS, AND EVA BRAUN, THE QUEEN OF FRANCE!
OOOOHH! THE CATERPILLAR!!!
YOU'VE BEEN BLESSED BY THE GODS, MONSIGNOR! IT IS SAID THAT HE WHO CARRIES IT ON HIS SHOULDER IS ABLE TO GOVERN BETTER THAN ANYONE.. REALITY!
PFF! REALITY! WHAT AN ILLUSION! SUCH A MASQUERADE!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, WIZARD?
THAT ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE AND THAT NOTHING IS TRUE. THAT IT'S OKAY TO BELIEVE IN FANTASY, YET IMPORTANT TO BE ABLE TO SEE THAT THERE ARE AS MANY REALITIES AS THERE ARE LIVING BEINGS IN SPACE! REALITY IS NOTHING MORE THAN THE SMALLEST COMMON DENOMINATOR OF HUMAN IMAGINATION! A CONVENTION! A MYTH! ONE DAY IT WILL BE NECESSARY TO TWIST THIS DICTATOR'S, NECK, CARDINAL!

LET'S GO! LET'S FORGET PHILOSOPHY, FOR A MOMENT, HJALMAR. SHALL WE TACKLE THE PROBLEMS THAT ARE BOTHERING YOU, DEAR FRIEND?
POOR THING! IF ONLY HE KNEW!
FIRST OF ALL, YOU CAN REASSURE THE POPE! WE'VE DECIDED TO SETTLE THE QUESTION ONCE AND FOR ALL. WE SHALL EXTERMINATE EVERY LAST SARACEN!
THEY'VE ALREADY BEEN REGISTERED BY MY GESTAPO! MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN WERE TRACKED DOWN, STOPPED, AND IMPRISONED!
BUT THAT'S NOT ALL. IN ORDER FOR US TO WIPE THEM OFF THE MAP FOR GOOD, WE'VE PERFECTED AN INFALLIBLE STRATEGY. THE FINAL SOLUTION!
WHAT DOES IT CONSIST OF?
AS A MATTER OF FACT, LEONARDO DA VINCI IS BUSY DEVELOPING SOME BOLD SCHEME. AH, HERE HE IS NOW. TELL HIM, MY GOOD MASTER!
I AM A SCIENTIST! A MAN OF IDEAS! I HAVE INVENTED A WAR MACHINE—BECAUSE THIS IS CERTAINLY A QUESTION OF WAR (PERHAPS EVEN A HOLY WAR) A MACHINE THAT IS NEW TO OUR WORLD—THE GAS CHAMBER!
GOD ENTRUSTED ME WITH THIS DIVINE MISSION OF WIPING OUT SARACENS, AND HE CAN COUNT ON ME. WE'RE GOING TO WIPE OUT SARACENS.
HEIL, SAINT LOUIS!

FROM THE ADRIATIC COASTS TO THE CASPIAN SEA, MY TROOPS ARE GOING TO SPREAD OUT OVER THE SARACEN LAND THEY WILL PULVERIZE THEIR POSSESSIONS, SWEEP THEM AWAY
. LIKE STRAW, AND REGAIN THE SACRED TERRITORY!
I IMAGINED SOME SMALL WAR MACHINES-- WITH SOME KIND OF ROCKET TO WORRY THE ENGLISH-WHICH MAKES ME FEEL STRONG AND SECURE!
YOU'RE NOT AFRAID THAT THE WHOLE WORLD WILL GANG UP AGAINST US, ARE YOU?
WHY?
OH, LA LA, NO!
THE CATERPILLAR!
BAOUM
GIVE HIM TO ME!
HANDS OFF, YOU LOON!
"CARDINAL" AXLE! ENOUGH, ALREADY! GET RID OF ALL THESE BUFFOONS AND LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!
I WAITED TOO LONG, I THINK!
KILL HIM!
ZATLL..
OH, JERUSALEM!

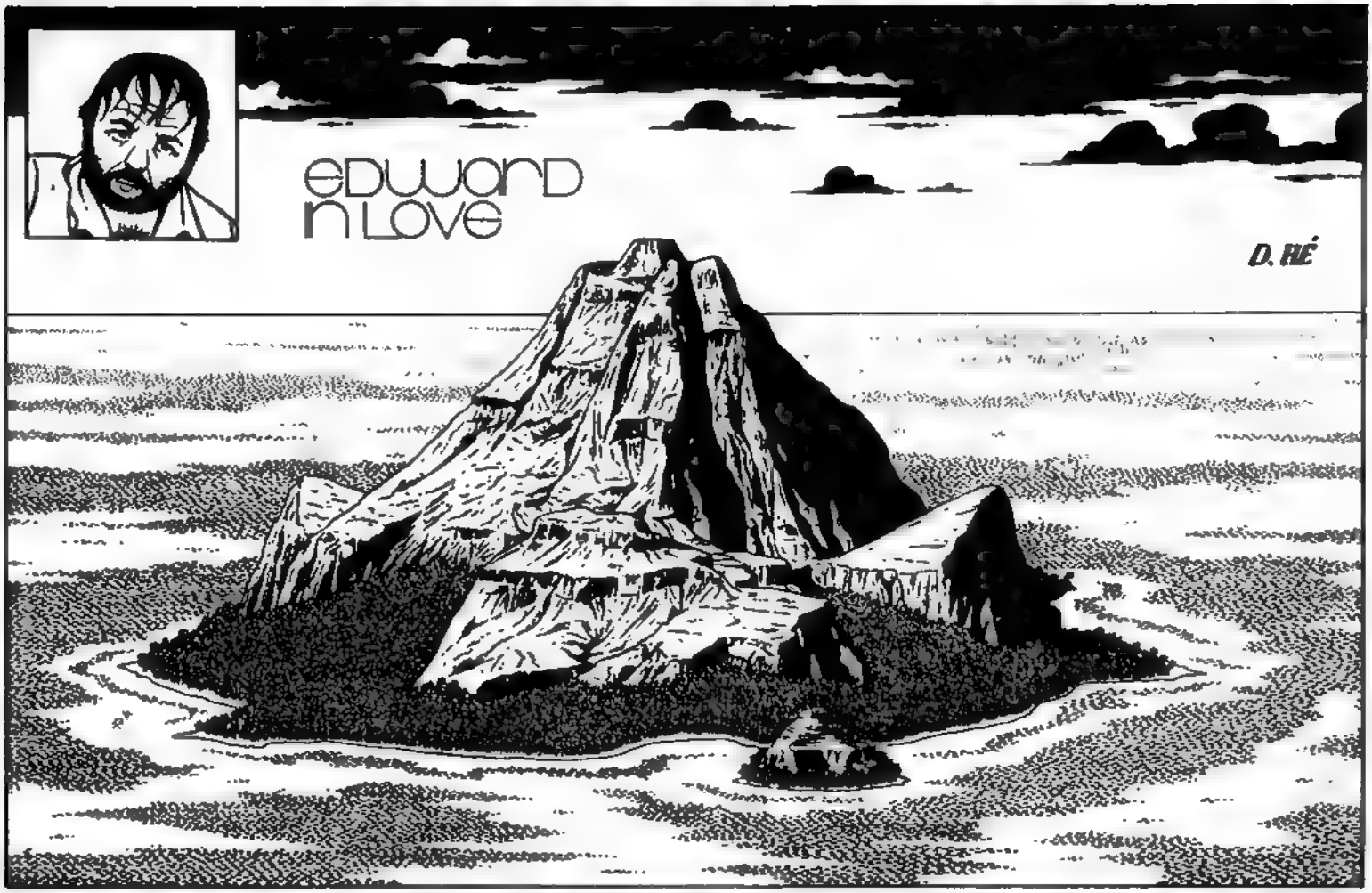
IT'S TIME FOR ME . TO GIVE MY SOUL TO THE LORD OUR GOD, SO THAT HE CAN PICK IT UP IN HIS HANDS. I WANT TO BE LAID OUT ON A BED OF ASHES...
WHAT A FUNNY IDEA!
AXLE! INSTEAD OF GAPING AT THE MOON, LET'S TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION AND SLIP AWAY. WHAT DO YOU SAY?
GOOD POINT! WE'LL TAKE THE TALKATIVE, KIND GUNSMITH WITH US!
REALLY!?!
BUT WHY HOLD US BACK WITH THAT OLD GUY?
I HAVE MY REASONS!
NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! THE KING IS DEAD!
SO, ACCORDING TO TRADITION..
LONG LIVE THE KING!
YES, MY DEAR EVA VERY GOOD, OF COURSE! LONG LIVE THE KING, MAYBE, BUT. WHICH ONE?
12
TCHONK
TCHAK
WE'RE LEFT WITH.. HITLER!
WE COULD RELEASE HIM! DROP THE WHOLE THING!
THAT'S TRUE. THESE KINDS OF THINGS ARE DONE QUITE OFTEN.
EVEN MORE THAN PLACING HEADS OF STATE IN PRISON REMARKABLY, PEOPLE TAKE THAT VERY WELL!
TOO LATE!
HE ESCAPED AND HAS TAKEN REFUGE IN LONDON!

I HAVE HEARD THAT HE HAS ALREADY BEGUN TO ORGANIZE THE RESISTANCE AND THAT MANY ARE GETTING READY TO JOIN WHAT THEY CALL "FREE FORCES." IT HAS BEEN ANNOUNCED THAT HE WILL EVEN LAUNCH ONE SOLEMN CALL ON THE RADIO ON THE 18TH OF JUNE.
I HAVE THE FEELING THAT THEY'RE GOING TO REMEMBER THIS FOR A LONG TIME AT WHITEHALL!*
*DISTRICT OF THE MINISTRIES IN LONDON.
WHAT SHALL WE DO? GET THE SCOOTER BACK?
NO WAY! IT'S MUCH TOO DANGEROUS. I THINK I SEE A WAY TO ESCAPE OVER THERE. A BIT ANTIQUATED, PERHAPS, BUT AT LEAST IT WILL ALLOW US TO GO UNNOTICED!
SALOON
BUT AXLE, YOU DAMNED DEMENTED KNUCKLEHEAD, WHERE SHALL WE GO?
LATELY, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT WHILE SLEEPING I'VE HAD THE SAME DREAM CHIMEER WAS PRISONER, SOMEWHERE, BEHIND BARRIERS SPIKED WITH SHARP POINTS, CONSTRAINED IN A WORLD WHERE ALL TRUTHS WERE CONTRADICTED SHE CRIED AND CALLED FOR ME AS SHE HELD OUT HER HANDS
A CAMP, OLD MAN. IS THERE ONE NEARBY?
I DESIGNED THE PLANS UP TO THE SMALLEST DETAIL, AND I SURVEYED THE CONSTRUCTION MYSELF! I MUST SAY THAT I AM ALSO AN ARCHITECT.
ONLY RENAISSANCE MEN, UNIVERSAL SPIRITS, IF THERE ARE ANY OF US LEFT, COULD PRIDE THEMSELVES ON.. WHOAAA!
LEAD US TO IT!

OVER THERE!
YYYAAAAAA
WHY ARE YOU OGLING ME LIKE THAT?
YOUR FACE, IT'S LOVELY WHEN YOU SMILE. A SORT OF SWEETNESS VEILS YOUR FEATURES AND... IF LIFE LEAVES ME ANY MORE LEISURE..
YEAH, SURE, BECAUSE YOU ARE ALSO AN ARTIST! OKAY, LET'S SEE!
..I WILL DO YOUR PORTRAIT!
YOUR SMILE, SO SUBTLE... IT'S AS IF IT IS THERE WITHOUT BEING THERE AH, HOW LIGHTNESS OBSESSES AND FASCINATES. .I SEE FROM HERE THE THRONG OF FUTURE GENERATIONS WHO WILL CROWD IN FRONT OF IT AND MARVEL AT IT UNTIL THE END OF TIME...
OLD FOOL, COME BACK TO EARTH FOR A MOMENT, AND TELL ME IS IT HERE?
THERE'S NO FACADE! THIS IS THE FIRST INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX THAT HAS EVER DREAMED OF USING THE ONLY RAW MATERIAL THAT IS INEXHAUSTIBLE AND CHEAP. HUMAN FLESH!
BUT IS THIS A GIRL OR A BOY?
THIS GUY IS NUTS!
37/6

YOU MAY LEAVE, YOU OLD FOOL! WE NO LONGER NEED YOU!
GO CONSTRUCT, PAINT, OR INVENT ELSEWHERE, AND I HOPE THAT YOUR GENIUS SMOTHERS YOU AND EVERY-ONE LIKE YOU!
LEAVE! NOW!
BUT THAT SMILE!
GET OUT OF HERE! WE'VE SEEN ENOUGH OF YOU, CRAZY OLD MAN!
TCHOCK
AYAA..
FINE! BUT I WON'T BE FAR!..I'LL WAIT UNTIL YOU ARE DEAD AND WITH GOOD, SOLID CUTTING INSTRU-MENTS WILL SEE WHAT YOU ARE MADE OF RIFFRAFF!
...BECAUSE I AM A BIOLOGIST AS WELL!
WHAT IS THAT DEVICE THERE?
A PRIMITIVE OPTICAL LENS THAT I FOUND IN A CASE IN THE BACK OF THE CHARIOT..
PFF! A PIECE OF JUNK! YOU CAN'T SEE A WHOLE LOT WITH IT!
DON'T BE FOOLED! A NAMELESS HORROR CAN BE SEEN THERE...
A MAN'S HEART, LITTLE CLOWN!

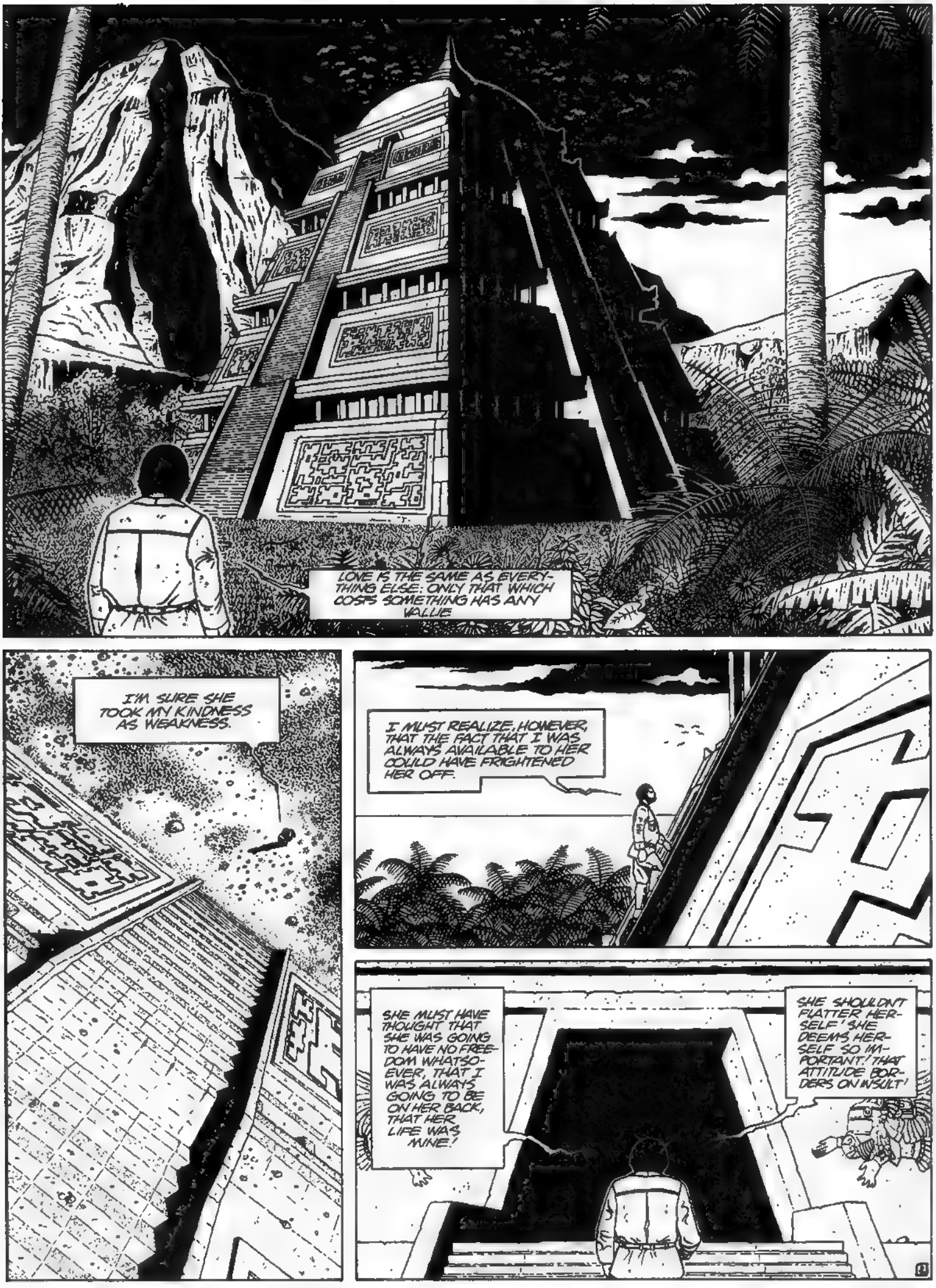
TO BE CONTINUED..


edward in love
D. HÉ

THE MORE I SHOW HER I LOVE HER, THE LESS SHE SEEMS TO WANT ME

IT'S MY FAULT I WAS TOO TENDER

TO HAVE ME WAS MUCH TOO EASY FOR HER


LOVE IS THE SAME AS EVERY-THING ELSE: ONLY THAT WHICH COSTS SOMETHING HAS ANY VALUE
I'M SURE SHE TOOK MY KINDNESS AS WEAKNESS.
I MUST REALIZE, HOWEVER, THAT THE FACT THAT I WAS ALWAYS AVAILABLE TO HER COULD HAVE FRIGHTENED HER OFF.
SHE MUST HAVE THOUGHT THAT SHE WAS GOING TO HAVE NO FREE-DOM WHATSO-EVER, THAT I WAS ALWAYS GOING TO BE ON HER BACK, THAT HER LIFE WAS MINE!
SHE SHOULDN'T FLATTER HER-SELF! SHE DEEMS HER-SELF SO IM-PORTANT! THAT ATTITUDE BOR-DERS ON INSULT!

IF I DON'T WANT TO LOSE HER TOTALLY, I'LL HAVE TO ACT A BIT ALOOF.
WHAT DO I RISK?
IF SHE LOVES ME, SHE'LL TAKE ME BACK.
IF SHE DOESN'T LOVE ME AND LEAVES AGAIN, WHAT DOES IT MATTER? I'VE GOT PLENTY OF NOTHING NOW.
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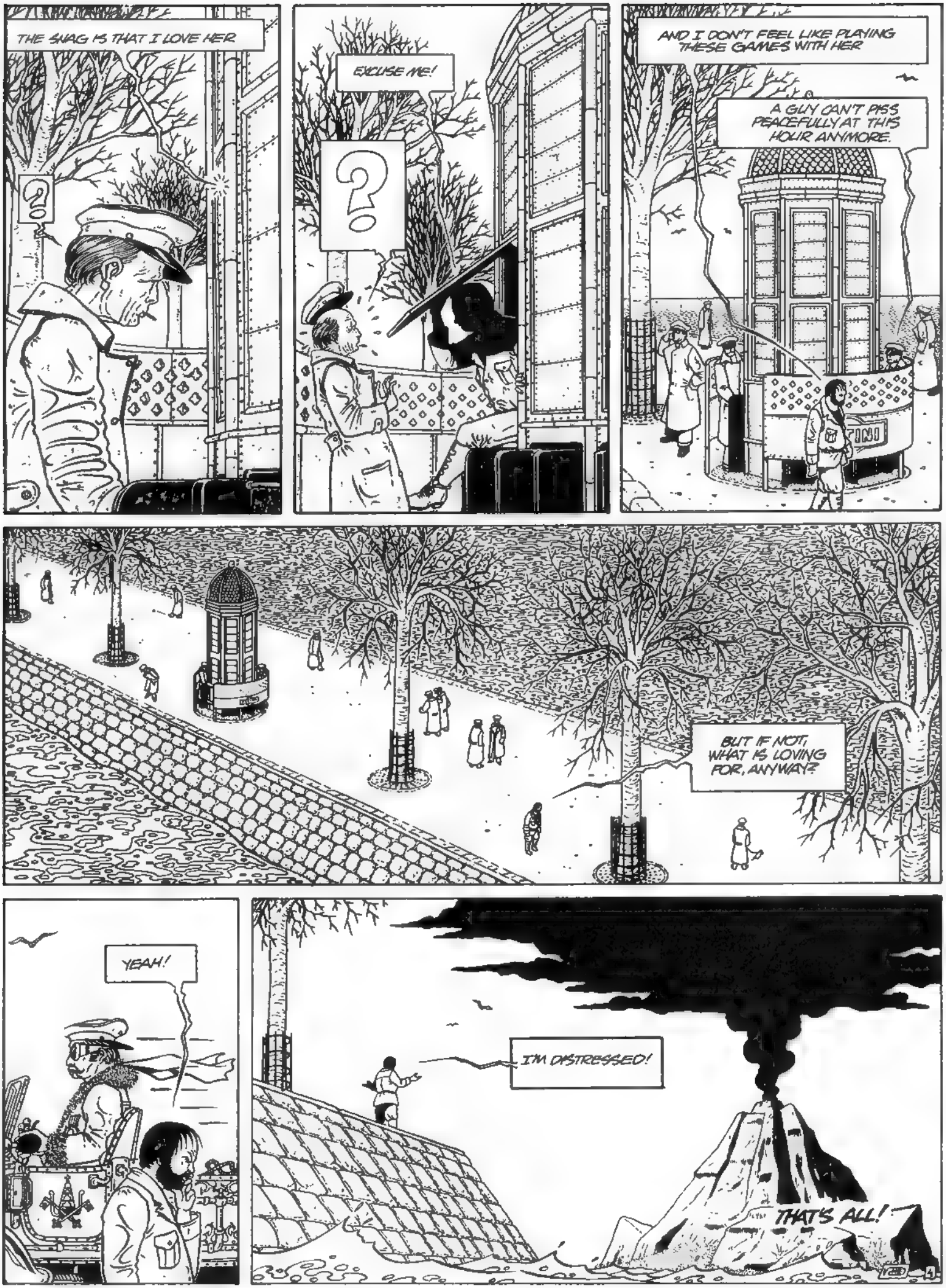
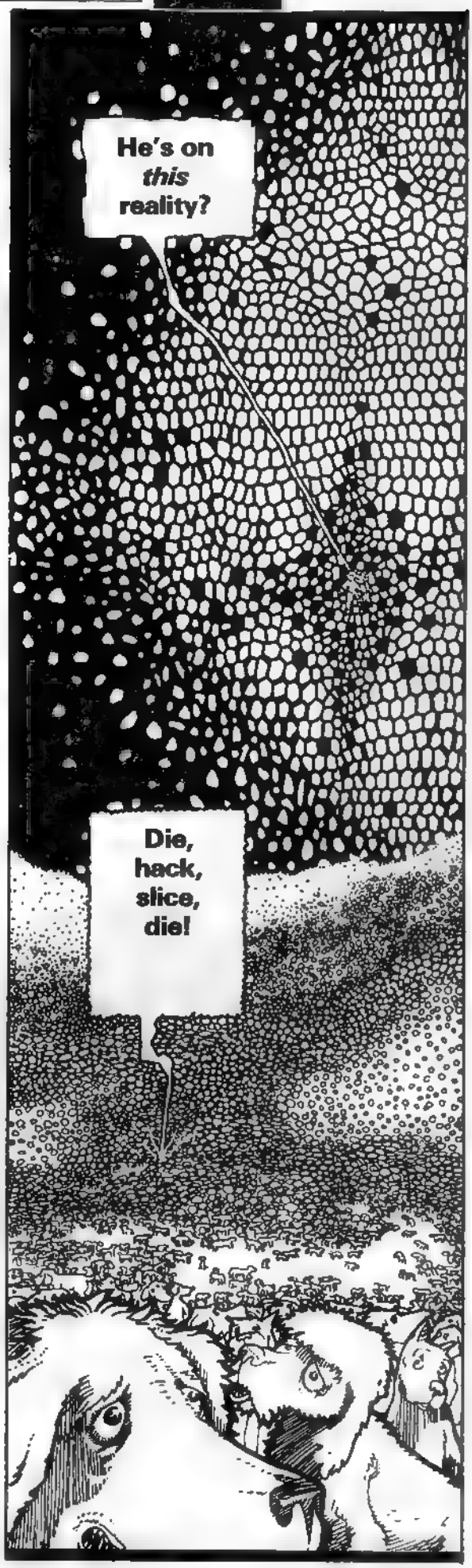
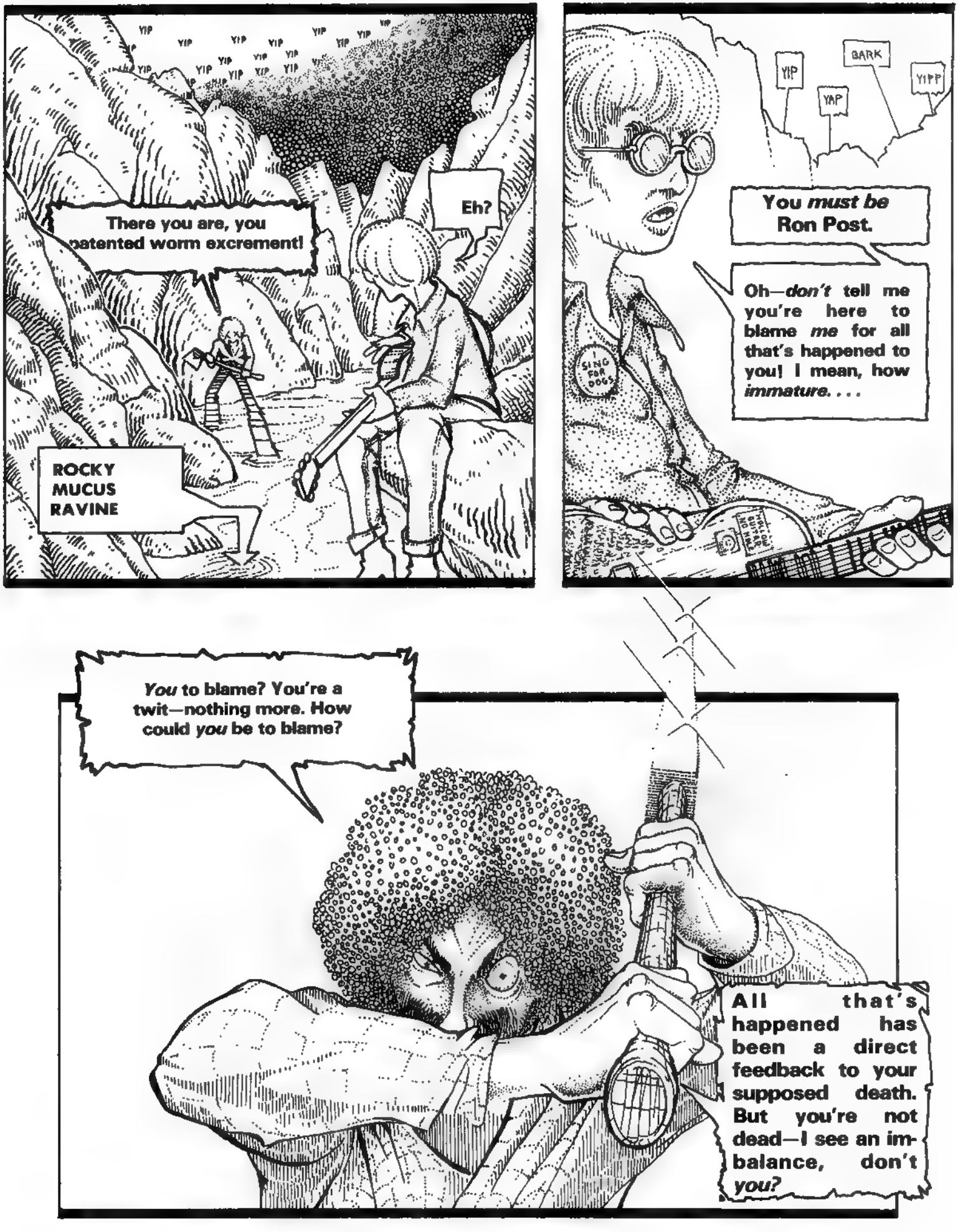

THE SNAG IS THAT I LOVE HER
?
EXCUSE ME!
?
AND I DON'T FEEL LIKE PLAYING THESE GAMES WITH HER
A GUY CAN'T PISS PEACEFULLY AT THIS HOUR ANYMORE.
BUT IF NOT, WHAT IS LOVING FOR, ANYWAY?
YEAH!
I'M DISTRESSED!
THAT'S ALL!

Changes

Matt Howarth



Out of my way, ya worthless bags of shit!
Ron!
Don't make things worse, Ron!
Duke's friends, no doubt.
Ron?


YIP
There you are, you patented worm excrement!
Eh?
ROCKY MUCUS RAVINE
BARK
YIP
YAP
YIPP
You *must be* Ron Post.
Oh—*don't* tell me you're here to blame *me* for all that's happened to you! I mean, how *immature*. . . .
I SING FOR DOGS
You to blame? You're a twit—nothing more. How could *you* be to blame?
All that's happened has been a direct feedback to your supposed death. But you're not dead—I see an imbalance, don't *you?*

No!
I'm just here to *correct* the balance!
Oh, you senseless moron—you needn't have gone to all the trouble! He had a rare, unknown blood disease and would've died tomorrow anyway. You mango!
I *told* you he'd've looked better this way!
NEXT: paranoia grips the Bitch

Arsonic & Silken Lace
Girl—you are *really* in trouble this time. . . .
SWYNE in Hideous Affr—Madman Sought!
Boche! I need your help!
Go 'way—
the Bulldagger
LET IT JUST DIE!
Go away? My life is in *danger*—Ron Post is out to kill me! And *you* tell me to *go away?* To *die,* Boche? *Die?*
the Bulldagger
LET IT JUST DIE!
I came to you because I knew you'd be *strong* and kill him for *good* . . . for *me* . . . because you *love* me.
. . . because I'll *ball* you if you do it. . . .
I'm a very, very weak man. . . .

NEXT: the advent of the Mind Parasites

FEAR NOT YOUR ENEMIES

by Harlan Ellison

John Lennon's on the menu. The worms are having him for dinner

It's a fucking banquet: Martin Luther King, Bobby Kennedy, Luke Easter, Sarai Ribicoff, Stella Walsh, Lyman Bostock, Michael Halberstam, and one hundred and fifty assorted nonentities slaughtered each week, every week, here in our macho democracy. Nonentities, that is, to all but the mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, husbands, wives, children, lovers, and friends to whom each of those nonentities meant something.

I'd have included JFK in that list, but we all know *that* executive ticket punch was part of a giant conspiracy.

And I don't want to bother with pitiful little conspiracies that include only maybe the CIA, the Mafia, the FBI, the Dallas police, Communists, and anti-Castro terrorists. That kind of conspiracy is shirred eggs and squashed potatoes. What I like dealing with is the *big* conspiracy, the one *you're* part of.

Thought we didn't know you were high up in the order of the big cabal, didn't you? Thought we didn't notice, right? Well, we noticed, so don't go slobbering over the loss of John Lennon, you cowardly punk. Don't beat your breast as you stand out there in the cold behind the NYPD sawhorses across the street from the Dakota, kiddo. We're onto you, and as far as I'm concerned you're as guilty as Mark David Chapman is of pumping those four shots into Lennon's back.

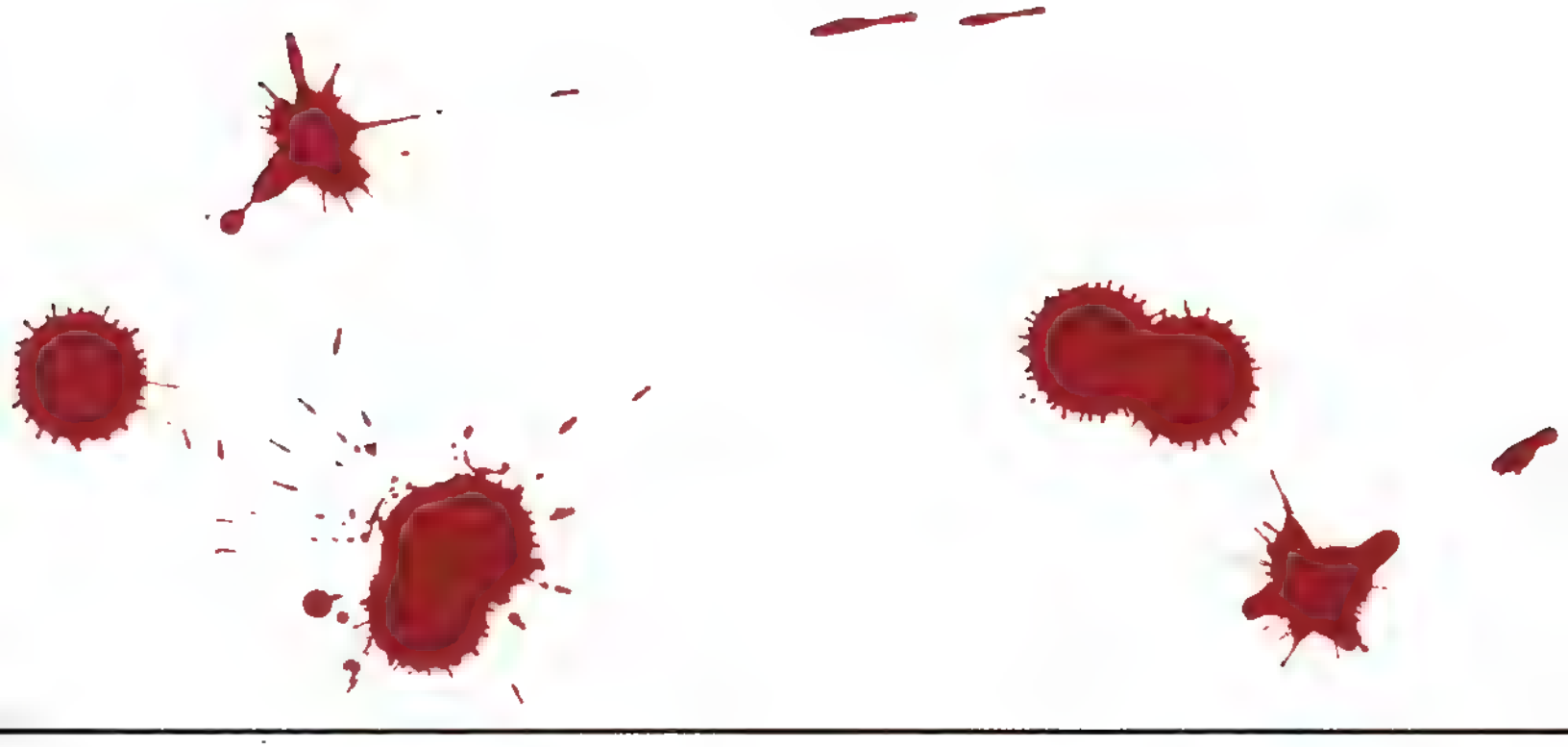
You didn't cry for sixty-nine-year-old ex-Olympic star Stella Walsh on December 4 when some sonofabitch left her facedown in the parking lot of a discount department store on Cleveland's near east side, wiping out the sixty-five track records she set in her extremely worthy lifetime. You didn't cry when Luke Easter was blown away on March 29, 1979, outside the Cleveland Trust, probably because you didn't give a shit that that old black man hit twenty-five home runs in two months in 1949 and played a lot of first base for the Indians. You didn't cry for twenty-three-year-old Sarai Ribicoff, senselessly shot to death in the course of a petty holdup outside Chez Helene in LA's Venice section, most likely because she was Senator Abe Ribicoff's niece *and* a Jew *and* a newspaper reporter, and hell, that's three strikes right there; no pity for the rich, the powerful, the vocal, and the members of the International Money Conspiracy. And you're probably wailing over Lennon only because it's in the air and gives you a chance to vent some of your fear and frustration. But you belong to the big cabal, chum, and we see through your disingenuous sorrow.

You started your membership sucking up the BB-gun ads in copies of *The Incredible Hulk* and *Batman* comics. You paid dues every time you sat in a movie theater and watched the fever-sick violence of *Dressed to Kill* and *The Texas Chain-Saw Massacre* and went down the line proclaiming twisted crap like that to be "high art," as do some of our more prominent brain-damaged film critics. You rose in the ranks every time you accepted the eloquent vocabulary of a bullet in the gut or a punch in the mouth as the final statement of any argument on "Starsky & Hutch" or "Charlie's Angels." So now you're a fully paid-up, card-carrying psychotic doting on the wonderful full-color panels in *Heavy Metal* that show some poor slob with his head blown apart like a casaba melon.

And you're as much against gun control as our chief executive, Mr. Reagan. And you know what *he* said, mere hours after Chapman's Charter Arms .38 Special had *its* say? Well, Ronnie said: "I've never believed that gun-control laws would help reduce violence. I believe in the kind of legislation we had in California. If somebody commits a crime and carries a gun when doing it, add five to fifteen years to the prison sentence."

I'm glad so many of you voted for that kind of asshole thinking. Mr. Reagan's terrific use-a-gun-go-to-jail law is so effective that Los Angeles has become Murder City: homicides for the first ten months of 1980 were over 800 in the city proper and over 1,500 in the county.

Reagan, you crepuscular old fart, what the hell is wrong with you! Who gives a damn how long Chapman lies up in the slam? *Lennon is dead*, you pudding brain. *Dead.* Revenge don't beat the bulldog. Chapman wasn't some amoral mugger making his living in the streets ripping off wallets and TV sets. He was a nut, like all the other nuts who commit a murder every twenty-four minutes, night and day, every day of the year in this country. When the hell will you read the statistics, Reagan? When will you realize that over 50 percent of all the gun slayings every year are committed not by the dreaded composite darkie-mestizo-latino alley killer but by friends and relatives, by angry lovers and total strangers when you screwed them out of



a parking space or gave them the finger in a moving car? Fifty percent and more: stupid accidents where a ten-year-old kid sprays his brain matter across the bedroom wall playing with Daddy's surrogate penis, the bureau-drawer Luger; heat-of-passion arguments in which your girl friend opens up your stomach so your intestines start unwinding on the carpet like a Duneworld sandworm; deadly misunderstandings like the one that killed baseball star Lyman Bostock, a case of mistaken identity that didn't mean a damn because Bostock was on the menu.

How about that, gentle reader, out there crying because Lennon bit the dust, how about that you're a member of the big conspiracy headed by Uncle Ronnie? You like the tag?

Don't give me no shit about how *you* ain't in on it, Chuckles. You're *in* on it! Because if you weren't, you'd be doing something about it, instead of sitting there on your ass growing lesions on your brain watching television and putting all that good dope down your neck and reading half-witted sci-fi trash and eating junk food till you're too lazy to get out of the chair to take a dump. If you *weren't* part of the conspiracy to keep the National Rifle Association one of the biggest goddamn lobbies in Washington, you'd be sending all your spare cash to Handgun Control, a *citizens'* lobby in Washington. [Handgun Control, Incorporated's address is 810 18th Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.]

And don't hide behind that God-fearing gobbledygook, either. I've had it up to here with Reverend Jerry Falwell and Ernest Angely and Billy Graham and all the rest of those TV clowns perverting the tenets of the Judeo-Christian ethic with their nonspecific mumble about moral rectitude. They want to censor books and movies and TV and magazines to fit some ancient, worn-out idea of purity, but all those fundamentalist millions who'll deluge a sponsor with vengeful letters because some model exposed her thigh in an advertisement won't lift a finger or a buck to beat the NRA lobby at its own game. And *you* know why: because all those Christ shouters own guns...or if they don't, they actually believe that the Constitution gives any dip who can sign his or her name to a handgun application the right to own a .357 Magnum.

I do not think it coincidence that Mark David Chapman was into flying saucers, acid, Jesus worship, pistol-firing tests, and cultism. The moment the news flash broke in on the radio, the night Lennon was shot, I said to Jane, "You watch: he'll turn out to be a Christer." And sure enough.

Because that's all the same game.

It's removal from reality. And only a step or two from "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord" to seeing oneself as the instrument of that vengeance. Who knows what leper's soup steams in Chapman's cauldron of a brain? And who cares? If he hadn't been able to get a gun in Hawaii so easily, he might not have been able to get Lennon so simply. Yeah, I know: he could have knifed him, garroted him, hit him with a two-by-four. But not from five feet away. Yeah, people kill people...with guns.

I have no tears in me for John Lennon. I've used them all up on King and Kennedy and a woman I once loved who was raped and then murdered—with a handgun—in the parking lot of a bowling alley in the San Fernando Valley.

So you can dry your public show of misery, li'l heavymetal babies. When it's fashion time for roller disco or cowboy boots or electronic war-gaming or free basing or whatever the panhandlers have in store to separate you from your bucks next season, you'll forget. And you'll renew membership in the big conspiracy.

Let me leave you with these words from the Polish poet Edward Yashinsky, who survived a Nazi prison camp only to die in a Russian one. "Fear not your enemies, for they can only kill you; fear not your friends, for they can only betray you. Fear only the indifferent, who permit the killers and betrayers to walk safely on the earth."

And don't write no shitty letters telling me how *concerned* you are and how dare I defame all the good li'l heavymetal babies out there with Teflon'd nostrils who simply *abhor* violence. Send some money to Handgun Control in Washington, punk.

Or cop to being one of the indifferent members of the big conspiracy that killed John Lennon. Goo goo goo joob.

Or, as John once wrote: *Happiness is a warm gun.* ●

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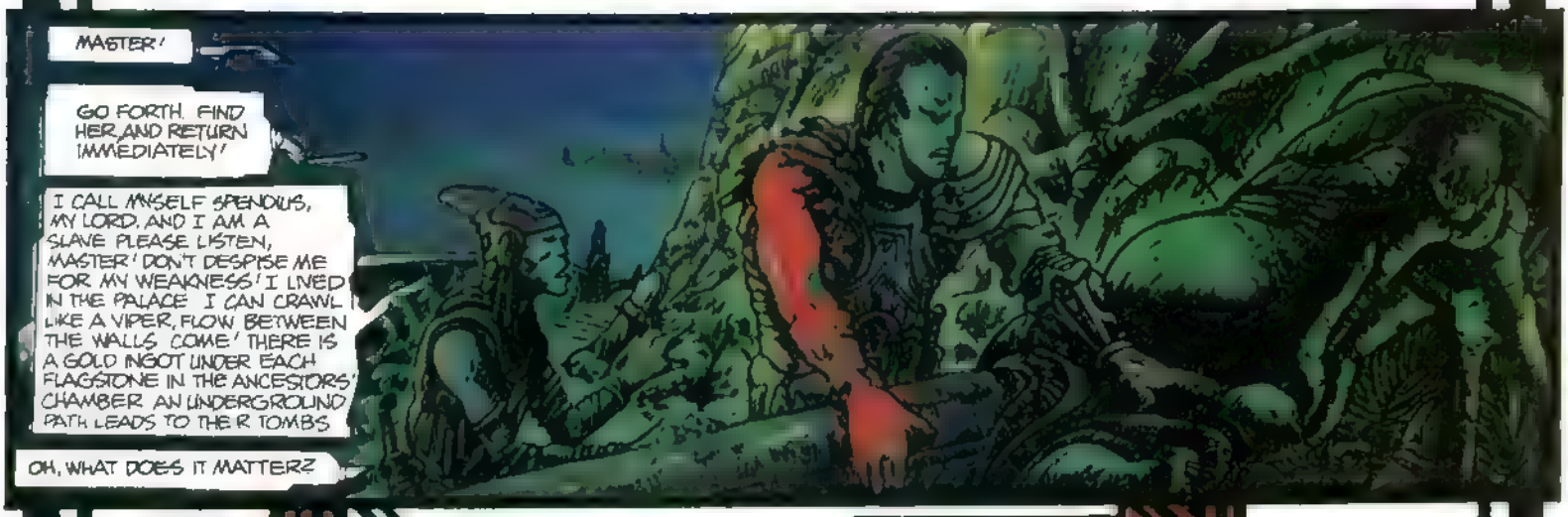
BY PHILIPPE DRUILLET
SALAMMBO
On the anniversary of the Eryx battle, the council held a huge banquet for the troops who had fought in that war. During the festivities, Salammbo, the daughter of Hamilcar, appeared. She was lovely; swirls of incense surrounded her as she spoke to the men and captivated each and every one of them—especially two. Of these, one was Narr'Havas, a Numidian prince; the other, a nameless yet legendary tribal leader
EYE OF BAAL!

SALAMMBO!


MASTER!
GO FORTH. FIND HER, AND RETURN IMMEDIATELY!
I CALL MYSELF SPENDIUS, MY LORD, AND I AM A SLAVE. PLEASE LISTEN, MASTER! DON'T DESPISE ME FOR MY WEAKNESS! I LIVED IN THE PALACE. I CAN CRAWL LIKE A VIPER, FLOW BETWEEN THE WALLS. COME! THERE IS A GOLD INGOT UNDER EACH FLAGSTONE IN THE ANCESTORS' CHAMBER. AN UNDERGROUND PATH LEADS TO THEIR TOMBS.
OH, WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

BUT A LUMINOUS BAR ASCENDED IN THE EAST. ON THE LEFT, AT THE BOTTOM, THE MEGARA CANALS BEGAN TO STRIPE WITH THEIR PALE WINDINGS THE LUSH GREENNESS OF THE GARDENS. THE SUN ROSE ON THE CITY OF THE WORLD OF THE STAR.

SPENDIUS — AH! YES, MASTER! I UNDERSTAND WHY YOU SCORNED THE PILLAGING OF THE HOUSE! CARTHAGE! WHAT WEALTH! YET, THE MEN WHO POSSESS IT DON'T EVEN HAVE THE WEAPONS TO DEFEND IT!

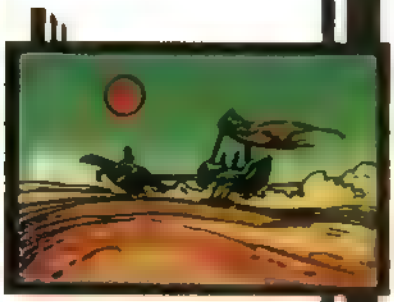
MATHO. WHERE IS SHE?

SPENDIUS. LISTEN! THE REPUBLIC IS LIKE THESE MISERABLE PEOPLE CURVED AT THE EDGE OF THE OCEAN. IT ENCOMPASSES ALL SHORES IN ITS GREEDY GRASP. THE SOUND OF THE WAVES HAS SO FILLED ITS EARS THAT IT DIDN'T HEAR THE FOOTSTEPS OF ITS MASTER APPROACH FROM BEHIND! BUT THERE ARE STRONG MEN HERE WHOSE HATRED IS INFLAMED! AND NOTHING BINDS THEM TO CARTHAGE, NOT THEIR FAMILIES, NOR THEIR OATHS, NOR THEIR GODS!

THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF US, RED EYES, AND FOR ONCE THEY HAVE NO MORE ARMY THAN US. WE WILL PLUNGE OUR HANDS DOWN TO THE BOTTOM OF THE COFFERS. WE HAVE NOTHING TO EXPECT FROM OUR MASTERS OTHER THAN BLOWS, TEARS, AND BLOOD, THE VERY BLOOD THAT THEY REFUSE TO PAY US FOR. WHO PREVENTS YOU, MASTER, FROM PLUCKING THIS RIPE FRUIT? HAMILCAR IS NOT HERE. THE MASSES DETEST THE RICH. YOU ARE BRAVE! THEY WILL OBEY YOUR COMMAND! CARTHAGE IS OURS! LEAD US THERE!

MATHO. NO! THE CURSE OF MOLOCH WEIGHS ON ME! I FELT IT IN HIS GAZE. AND A MOMENT AGO IN A TEMPLE I SAW A BLACK SHEEP THAT MOVED BACKWARD. WHERE IS IT?

MATHO'S EYES SCANNED THE HORIZON. CHURNING UP A LUMINOUS GOLD CLOUD OF DUST, A CHARIOT OF SAND FLED AWAY IN THE DISTANCE. TWO WOMEN WERE SEATED. MATHO RECOGNIZED THE ONE A LONG VEIL FLOATED BEHIND HER IN THE WIND.



ΔΔCA

TWO DAYS LATER, THE MERCENARIES LEFT CARTHAGE. EACH ONE HAD BEEN GIVEN A PIECE OF GOLD ON THE CONDITION THAT THEY WOULD GO TO CAMP AT SICCA. THEY HAD BEEN TEASED WITH ALL SORTS OF FLATTERY: "YOU ARE THE SAVIORS OF CARTHAGE! BUT YOU WILL STARVE IT BY STAYING THERE; IT WILL BECOME INSOLVENT. GET AWAY! LATER, THE REPUBLIC WILL BE GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR YOUR COMPLIANCE. WE WILL COLLECT LECT TAXES IMMEDIATELY YOUR PAY WILL BE COMPLETED, AND THEY WILL FURNISH THE GALLEYS THAT WILL TAKE YOU TO YOUR FATHERLAND." THEY DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO RESPOND TO SO MANY SPEECHES THESE MEN, ACCUSTOMED TO WAR, WERE BORED DURING THEIR STAY IN THE CITY. THE GOVERNMENT HAD NO DIFFICULTY IN CONVINCING THEM, AND THE PEOPLE CLIMBED UP ON THE WALLS TO SEE THEM GO

WITH MY LANCE AND SWORD, I LABOR AND HARVEST. I AM THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE! THE UNARMED MAN FALLS TO MY KNEES AND CALLS ME LORD AND GREAT KING!

THEY WERE HAPPY TO BE BACK TO NORMALITY. THEY HEARD A GREAT CRY BEHIND THEM. THEY BELIEVED THAT SOME OF THE PEOPLE WHO HAD REMAINED IN THE CITY (THEY HAD NO IDEA HOW MANY THERE WERE) WERE HAVING FUN RANSACKING A TEMPLE. THE IDEA AMUSED THEM AS THEY CONTINUED ON THEIR WAY. THE WALLS OF CARTHAGE RECEDED INTO THE DISTANCE.

THEY CROSSED THE DESERT THAT BORDERS THE FERTILE PLAINS IN ORDER TO GO TO SICCA, PATIENTLY AWAITING THE AMBASSADOR OF CARTHAGE AND THE PROMISED GOLD. THE ROAD WAS LONG AND PAINFUL UNDER THE BURNING SUN OF THE WORLD OF THE STAR MATHO AND SPENDIUS GRADUALLY BECAME FRIENDS. WHILE EN ROUTE, THE LATTER STAYED CLOSE TO MATHO, HE BROUGHT HIM THINGS TO EAT, HE SUPPORTED HIM WHEN HE THOUGHT HE COULD NOT FACE ANOTHER MILE. HE SPREAD OUT A RUG AT NIGHT FOR HIS BED. MATHO WAS TOUCHED BY THESE KINDNESSES, AND SLOWLY BUT SURELY HE OPENED HIS LIPS.

SPENDIUS SPOKE TO HIM OF HIS JOURNEYS, OF THE PEOPLE AND OF THE TEMPLES THAT HE HAD VISITED, AND HE KNEW A LOT OF THINGS. HE KNEW HOW TO MAKE SANDALS, BOAR SPEARS, NETS, HOW TO TAME FEROCIOUS BEASTS AND COOK FISH. THESE STORIES AMUSED RED EYES

I EVEN SOLD WOMEN! AH, THE HAPPY TIMES OF MY WEALTH. WARRIOR, MERCHANT, SLAVE, I'VE KNOWN EVERYTHING, MATHO, EVERYTHING! YET I'M STILL HUNGRY!

SPENDIUS' RAGING BELLY!

FINALLY ON THE SEVENTH DAY AFTER HAVING WALKED FOR HOURS UPON HOURS AT THE BASE OF A MOUNTAIN THEY SUDDENLY CAME TO A RIGHT TURN WHICH THEY TOOK AND CAME FACE TO FACE WITH A LINE OF DEFENSIVE WALLS BUILT ON WHITE BOULDERS SUDDENLY THE ENTIRE CITY SWARMED WITH PEOPLE

EVEN THOUGH SICCA WAS A SACRED CITY IT COULD NOT CONTAIN SUCH A MULTITUDE THE TEMPLE WITH ITS OUTBUILDINGS ALONE OCCUPIED HALF OF IT SO THE BARBARIANS SETTLED COMFORTABLY IN THE PLAIN, BOTH THOSE WHO WERE REGIMENTED BY REGULAR TROOP FORMATIONS, AND OTHERS, GATHERED BY NATIONS OR ACCORDING TO THEIR OWN WHIMS

ONE EVENING AS MATHO AND SPENDIUS CROSSED THE STREETS OF THE CAMP TOGETHER THEY NOTICED MEN CLAD IN WHITE AMONG THEM WAS NARR'HAVAS, THE PRINCE OF THE NUMIDIANS MATHO TREMBLED

YOUR SWORD! I WANT TO KILL HIM!

NOT YET! WAIT AND SEE WHAT HE WANTS!

FORGIVE MY GESTURE, MATHO. THE DRUNKENNESS OF THE FEAST MADE ME CRAZY I HATE CARTHAGE DEEPLY, TOO, AND WANT PEACE BETWEEN US FORGET ALL OF THE PAST AND LET'S HUNT TOGETHER LIKE TWO BROTHERS

I ACCEPT THESE WORDS OF PEACE, NARR'HAVAS WELCOME

AND YOU COME TO BETRAY US, OR ELSE TO BETRAY THE REPUBLIC WE SHALL CAUTION AGAINST YOUR PRESENT AND FUTURE TREACHERY, NUMIDIAN

MATHO'S NIGHTS WERE TERRIBLE HAUNTED BY THE IMAGE OF SALAMMBO, HE WANDERED

ARE YOU SUFFERING? WHAT DO YOU NEED? ANSWER ME, MASTER!

MATHO "LISTEN! THIS IS THE WRATH OF THE GODS! THE DAUGHTER OF HAMILCAR IS PURSUING ME! I'M AFRAID, SPENDIUS! TALK TO ME! I AM SICK! I WANT TO BE CURED! I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING! BUT YOU, PERHAPS YOU KNOW STRONGER GODS OR SOME IRRESISTIBLE INVOCATION?"

SPENDIUS "TO DO WHAT?"

MATHO "TO GET RID OF HER FOR ME!"

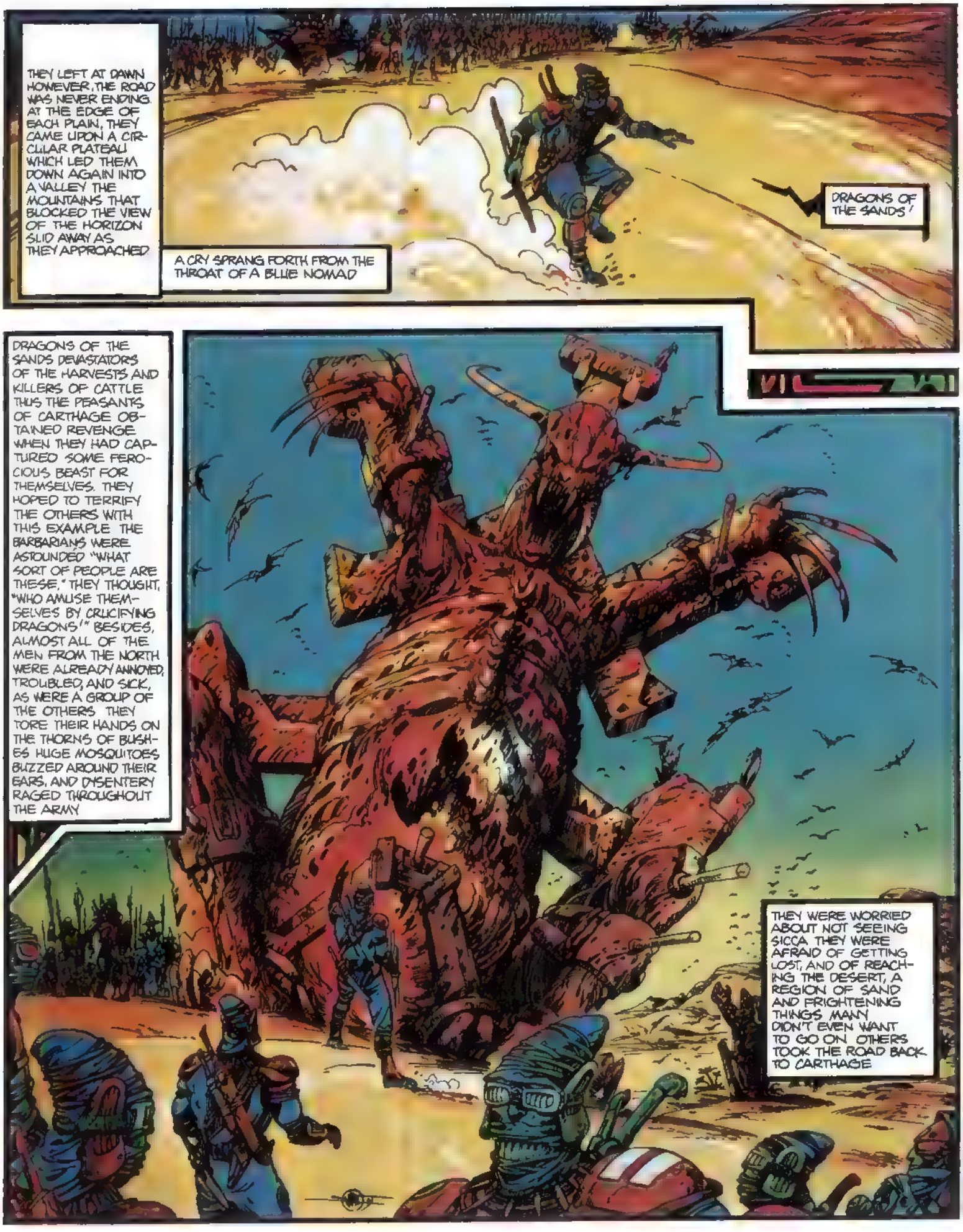
SPENDIUS "IF SHE WEREN'T THE DAUGHTER OF HAMILCAR ."

MATHO "NO! SHE IS NOTHING LIKE ANY OTHER MAN'S WOMAN DID YOU SEE HER BIG EYES UNDER HER EYEBROWS, LIKE SUNS UNDER TRIUMPHAL ARCHES? REMEMBER, WHEN SHE APPEARED, HOW ALL THE TORCHES PALED HER BREASTS GLITTERED BETWEEN THE DIAMONDS THE ODOR OF THE TEMPLE TRAILED BEHIND HER AND SOMETHING EMANATED FROM HER, AN AURA THAT WAS SMOOTHER THAN WINE, YET MORE TERRIBLE THAN DEATH SHE WALKED, HOWEVER, AND THEN SHE STOPPED"

VOODOO MAGIC GLOOM

BUT I WANT HER! I NEED HER! I'M DYING FOR HER! AT THE IDEA OF EMBRACING HER IN MY ARMS, A FUROR OF JOY CARRIES ME AWAY, YET I HATE HER, SPENDIUS! I'D LIKE TO BEAT HER! WHAT DO I DO? I WANT TO SELL MYSELF AND BECOME HER SLAVE YOU WERE ONE! YOU SAW HER TELL ME ABOUT HER! EVERY NIGHT, SHE GOES UP ON THE TERRACE OF HER HOME, DOESN'T SHE? AH! THE STONES MUST TREMBLE UNDER HER SANDALS AND THE STARS LEAN DOWN TO SEE HER! I WANT HER, SPENDIUS! I WANT HER!!

THE END


THEY LEFT AT DAWN HOWEVER, THE ROAD WAS NEVER ENDING. AT THE EDGE OF EACH PLAIN, THEY CAME UPON A CIRCULAR PLATEAU WHICH LED THEM DOWN AGAIN INTO A VALLEY THE MOUNTAINS THAT BLOCKED THE VIEW OF THE HORIZON SLID AWAY AS THEY APPROACHED
A CRY SPRANG FORTH FROM THE THROAT OF A BLUE NOMAD
DRAGONS OF THE SANDS!
DRAGONS OF THE SANDS DEVASTATORS OF THE HARVESTS AND KILLERS OF CATTLE THUS THE PEASANTS OF CARTHAGE OBTAINED REVENGE WHEN THEY HAD CAPTURED SOME FEROCIOUS BEAST FOR THEMSELVES, THEY HOPED TO TERRIFY THE OTHERS WITH THIS EXAMPLE THE BARBARIANS WERE ASTOUNDED "WHAT SORT OF PEOPLE ARE THESE," THEY THOUGHT, "WHO AMUSE THEMSELVES BY CRUCIFYING DRAGONS!" BESIDES, ALMOST ALL OF THE MEN FROM THE NORTH WERE ALREADY ANNOYED, TROUBLED, AND SICK, AS WERE A GROUP OF THE OTHERS. THEY TORE THEIR HANDS ON THE THORNS OF BUSHES HUGE MOSQUITOES BUZZED AROUND THEIR EARS, AND DYSENTERY RAGED THROUGHOUT THE ARMY
THEY WERE WORRIED ABOUT NOT SEEING SICCA THEY WERE AFRAID OF GETTING LOST, AND OF REACHING THE DESERT, A REGION OF SAND AND FRIGHTENING THINGS MANN DIDN'T EVEN WANT TO GO ON. OTHERS TOOK THE ROAD BACK TO CARTHAGE

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL 1977: *The* Collector's Edition with the debut of Moebius's 'Arzach,' Corben's 'Den,' Bode's 'Sunpot' and more ($5.00)

#2/MAY 1977: Russian astronauts, 'Roger' the paranoid puppet, 'Conquering Armies,' the ultimate rock festival and more ($4.00)

#3/JUNE 1977 Macedo's 'Rockblitz,' the highly praised 'Shells,' the beginning of Davis's 'World Apart' Moebius Corben Bode, more ($3.00)

#4/JULY 1977 Lots of Moebius 'Arzach,' plus part one of 'The Long Tomorrow', also the final installment of 'Sunpot' ($3.00)

#5/AUGUST 1977: The saga of 'Polonius' begins. "The Long Tomorrow' concludes, and 'World Apart" and 'Den' continue ($3.00)

#6/SEPTEMBER 1977 Roger Zelazny has a short story and Moebius a space opera plus more 'World Apart' 'Den,' and 'Polonius' ($3.00)

#7/OCTOBER 1977: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's 'Airtight Garage,' "Den' and 'Polonius' back again yet more ($3.00)

#8/NOVEMBER 1977: New Harlan Ellison fiction, nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for 'Polonius' and 'World Apart' ($3.00)

#9/DECEMBER 1977 Extra pages for the complete 'Vuzz' by Druillet, 'Fortune's Fool' by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color contributions from Corben, Macedo, Claveloux and Moebius ($3.00)

#10/JANUARY 1978 Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, 'Conquering Armies' concludes, 'Den' continues ($3.00)

#11/FEBRUARY 1978: New adventures of Barbarella, wraparound cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius, Corben, et al ($3.00)

#12/MARCH 1978: Swashbuckling 'Orion' makes a debut courtesy of Gray Morrow, and there's more Barbarella, 'more Urm,' and yet more 'Den' ($3.00)

#13/APRIL 1978: Our first anniversary issue! A thirty-page insert from 'Paradise 9' and Barbarella' gives birth while 'Den' wraps it up ($3.00)

#14/MAY 1978: Urm the Mad waves bye-bye but 'Orion' and 'Barbarella' continue and Alex Nino tips his hat ($3.00)

#15/JUNE 1978: Corben introduces Shahrazad Sturgeon's classic 'More Than Human' is illustrated, more 'Barbarella,' and the origins of 'Heilman' ($3.00)

#16/JULY 1978 A happy ending for 'Barbarella,' a sad ending for '1996,' the resumption of Druillet's 'Gail,' and yet more 'Heilman,' 'Orion,' 'More Than Human,' and Corben's 'Arabian Nights.' ($3.00)

#17/AUGUST 1978: Sorry — SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER 1978: Corben's 'Sindbad,' Moebius's 'Major,' 'Heilman,' "Orion,' 'Long Sloane on Gail,' and Harlan Ellison too ($3.00)

#19/OCTOBER 1978: 'Exterminator 17,' Ellison's illustrated 'Glass Goblin,' the debut of McKie's 'So Beautiful and So Dangerous,' plus the usual ($3.00)

#20/NOVEMBER 1978: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin 'Empire,' more 'Sindbad,' 'Exterminator,' 'Major Grubert,' 'Heilman's final rebirth, more ($3.00)

#21/DECEMBER 1978. The stocking's full with 'Orion,' Kirchner's 'Tarot,' and twelve beautiful pages of Moebius ($3.00)

#22/JANUARY 1979: Trina makes her debut here and Druillet concludes 'Gail,' plus McKie and Corben. How much can you take? ($3.00)

#23/FEBRUARY 1979: 'Galactic Geographic,' "Starcrown,' Corben's 'Sindbad,' McKie's 'So Beautiful and So Dangerous,' plus Moebius, Bilal and Macedo ($3.00)

#24/MARCH 1979: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's 'The Stars My Destination,' 'Starcrown' II, and Ellison's late show ($3.00)

#25/APRIL 1979: Our second birthday bash with Chaykin and Wein's 'Gideon Faust,' the 'Alien' portfolio and Val Mayerik's 'Time Out.' And much more ($3.00)

#26/MAY 1979: It's all-American (except for Druillet's 'Dancin'' and a Proust joke) fifteen entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated 'Alien' ($3.00)

#27/JUNE 1979: Fifty-four pages of 'Captain Future' plus more illustrated 'Alien,' and the final episode of 'So Beautiful and So Dangerous' ($3.00)

#28/JULY 1979: Bode's 'Zooks' premieres, Corben's 'Sindbad' concludes, Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts ($3.00)

#29/AUGUST 1979: Caza steals the show with 'New Ark City,' plus Mayerik, Suydam, 'Galactic Geographic,' Bode, more ($3.00)

#30/SEPTEMBER 1979 Elric, 'Buck Rogers,' a lizard named 'Elvis,' and 'Little Red V-3,' alongside Montellier and Moebius ($3.00)

#31/OCTOBER 1979 Halloween strikes with a tribute to H.P. Lovecraft with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, Suydam, others ($3.00)

#32/NOVEMBER 1979: Let us give thanks for Corben's 'Rowlf,' Bode's 'Zooks,' Brunner's 'Elric,' Chaykin's 'The Stars My Destination,' Moebius, and more ($3.00)

#33/DECEMBER 1979: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kofoed, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus 'Gnomes' and 'Giants.' ($3.00)

#34/JANUARY 1980: A new year — *a new decade* — begins with a new look for *HM* with the debut of four new columnists, new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan, the conclusion of Corben's 'Rowlf,' and much more! ($3.00)

#35/FEBRUARY 1980: An eerie Colrain cover adorns this winter issue. Corben's 'The Beast of Wolfton' begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip ($3.00)

#36/MARCH 1980: Why did 'The Crevasse' take Jeannette? For the answer read the Schuiten Bros. strip! Plus Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's 'Good Vibrations' ($3.00)

#37/APRIL 1980: Our third anniversary issue — 32 pages of Champakou' in living color, the final installment of Moebius's 'Airtight Garage,' plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bode — and more! ($3.00)

#38/MAY 1980. Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will Champakou reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too? Take a look. We never tell. ($3.00)

#39/JUNE 1980. Champakou meets his fate while 'Captain Sternn' saves the day. And in the revenge the Flying Wallendas vs. the Earth! ($3.00)

#40/JULY 1980 The Alchemist Supreme continues with Axle learning the truth about his sidekick Musky, Bilal's 'Progress!' begins, and Moebius returns with 'Shore Leave' ($3.00)

#41/AUGUST 1980: Druillet returns with the first installment of 'Salammbo' while Moebius concludes 'Shore Leave' (and is interviewed). Bilal continues 'Progress!' ($3.00)

#42/SEPTEMBER 1980. The Alchemist Supreme concludes while Bilal's 'Progress!' picks up steam. Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner, and Leo Duranona all contribute nifty shorts while 'Rock Opera' gets stranger yet ($3.00)

#43/OCTOBER 1980 Our Special Rock Issue packed with goodies by McKie, Moebius, Voss, Spain, Druillet, Yeates, Hie, Howarth, Kierkegaard Jr., Colon, and Matena and not to be missed ($3.00)

#44/NOVEMBER 1980 With the *Shogun* spirit ablaze, this issue's cover by Hajime Sorayama is definitely in its element. Inside we give you some lovely Claveloux, Moebius, Kaluta, Springett, and Bilal ($3.00)

#45/DECEMBER 1980 Premiering Corben's illustrated 'Bloodstar,' Crepax's 'Valentina,' and Godard and Ribera's 'What Is Reality, Papa?' Plus 'The Cutter of the Fog,' 'Rock Opera,' and Moebius! ($3.00)

#46/JANUARY 1981 Jeronaton returns with 'Woman,' Don Woods makes his *HM* debut with 'Bang Hah!' Plus more Corben, Godard, and Ribera, Mezieres, and 'Rock Opera.' Moebius tells us 'There Is a Prince Charming on Phenxon!' Don't miss it! ($3.00)

Art Larry Lanoff

#47/FEBRUARY 1981: William S. Burroughs discusses "Civilian Defense," while Rick Veitch shares with us his experiences at this year's Lucca fest. "The Horny Goof," an inimitable Moebius character, gets himself in and outta trouble, while "Bloodstar," "What Is Reality, Papa?," "Salammbo," and "Rock Opera" continue. Plus. Special added attraction! Pages from Jeff Jones's new book, *Yesterday's Lily*, and an interview with the man himself. Ah. Magic. ($3.00)

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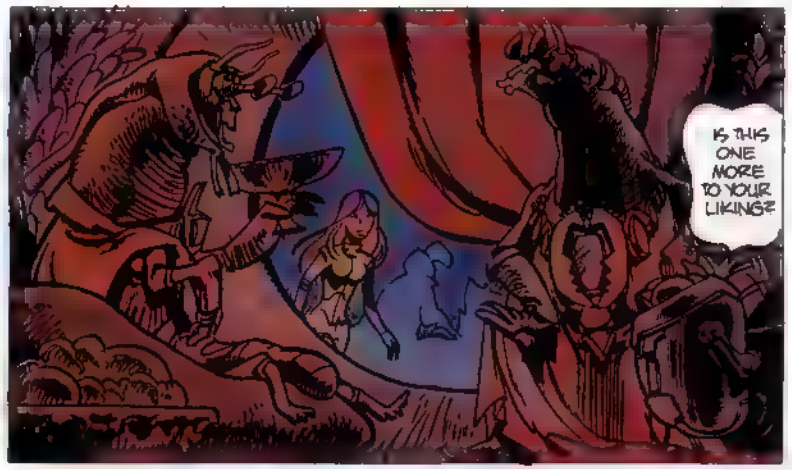
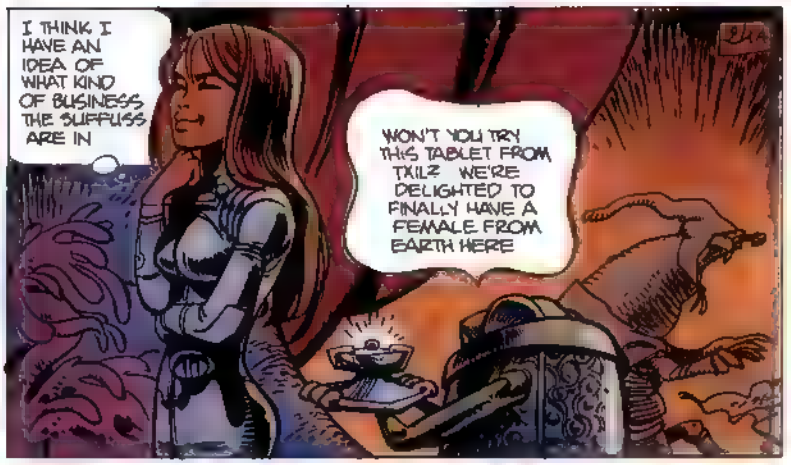
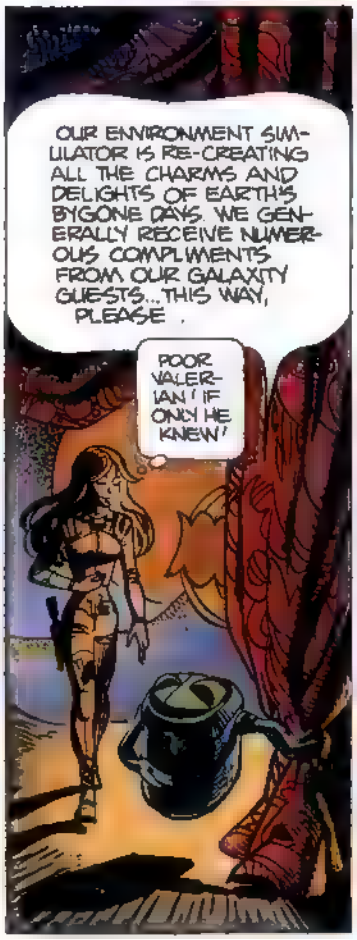
The Ambassador of the Shadows
Valerian: Time-Space Agent

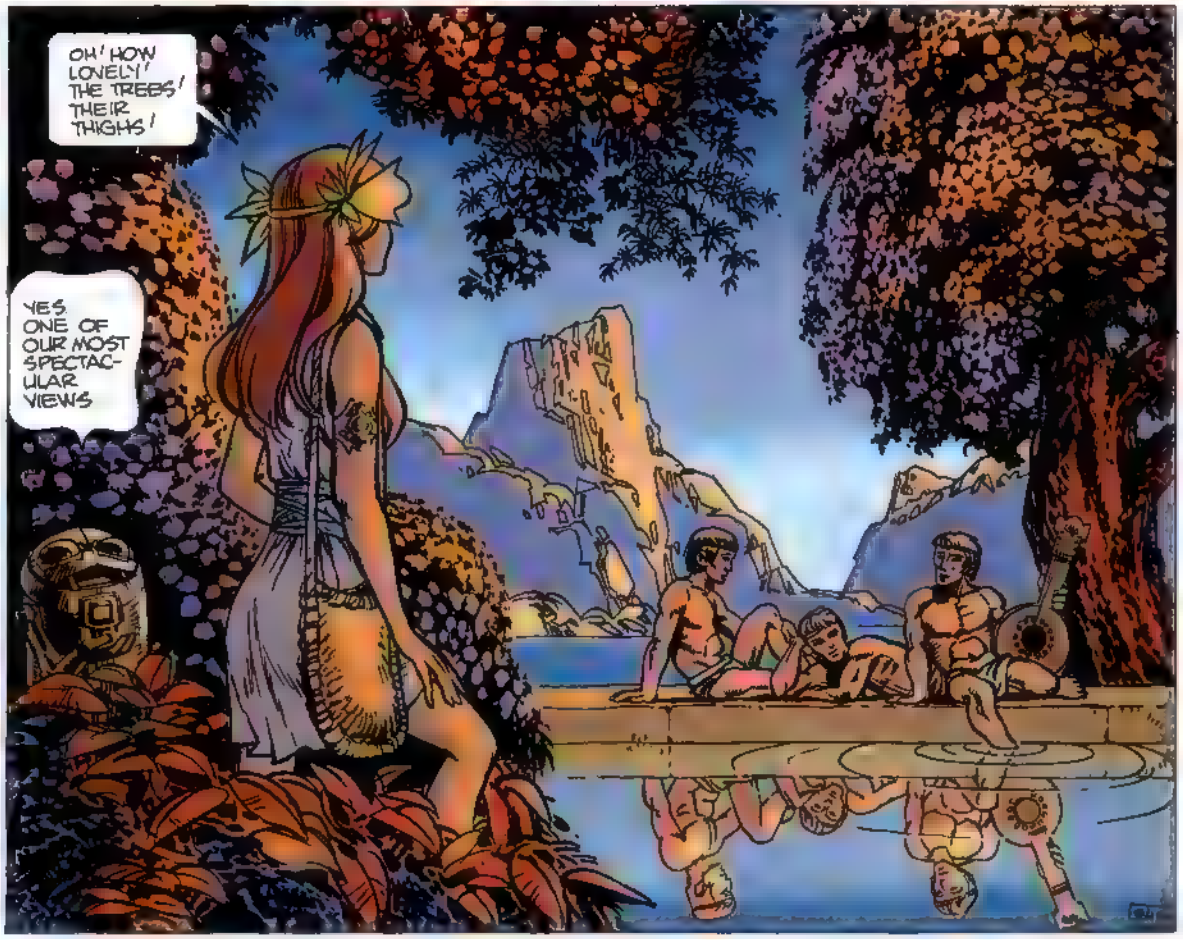
by J. C. Meziéres and P. Christin

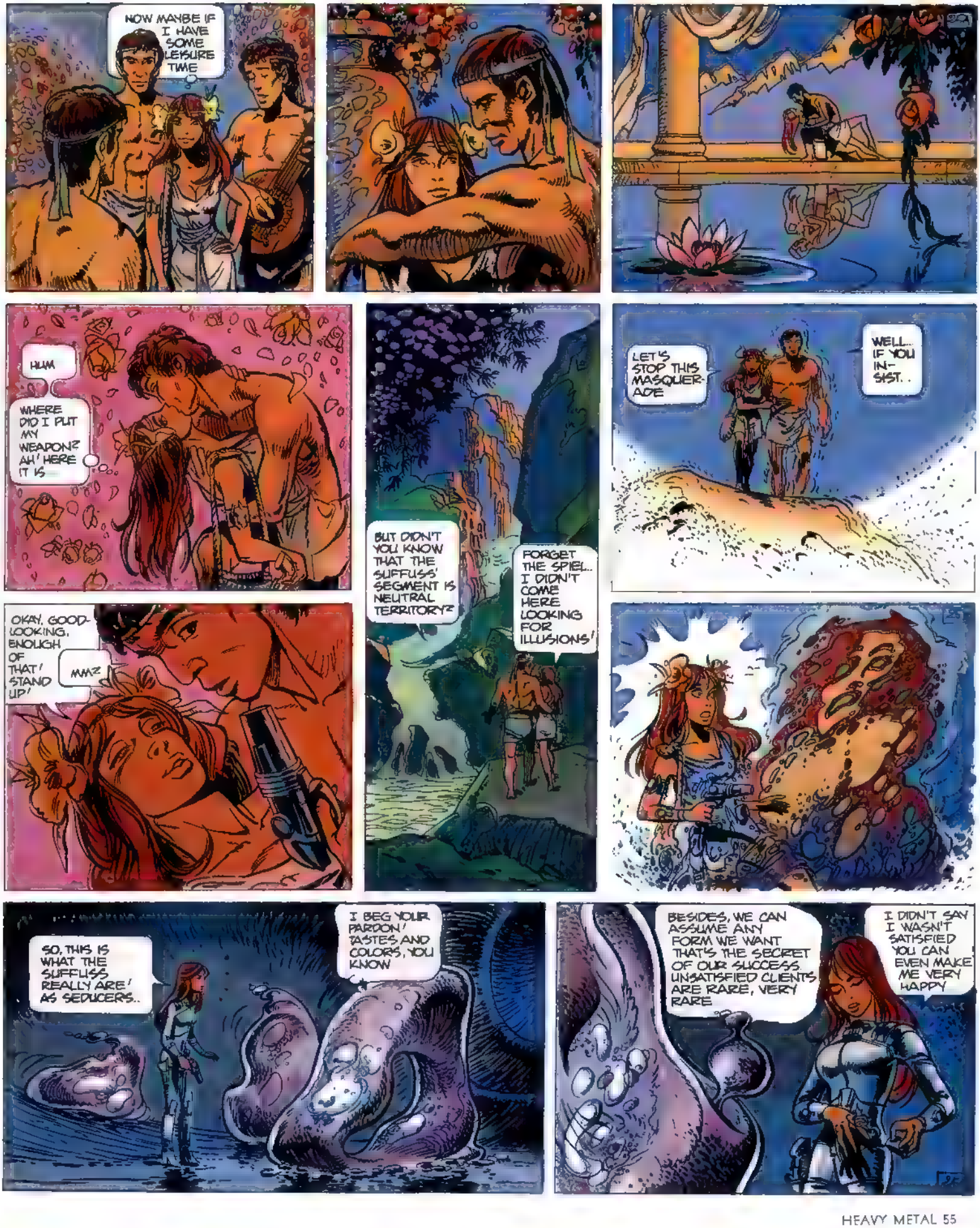
In search of Valerian and the ambassador, Laureline and Colonel Diol do a bit of high-price bargaining for a map (not a complete one, we may add) of Central Point. While on their quest, they meet up with the Kamuniks, a quasi-friendly tribe, who are willing to aid them in their search—for a price, that is.

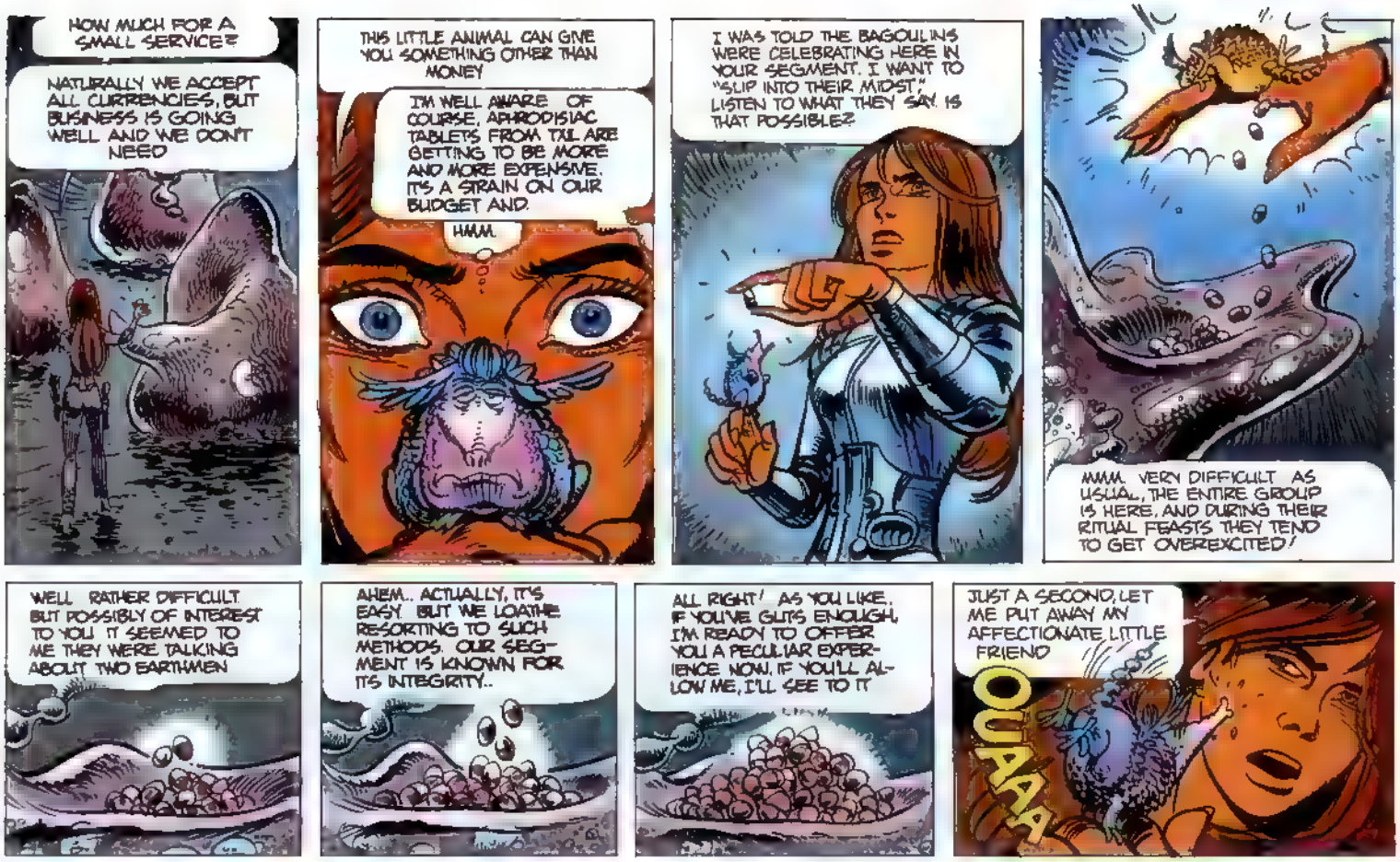



I THINK I HAVE AN IDEA OF WHAT KIND OF BUSINESS THE SLIFFLISS ARE IN
WON'T YOU TRY THIS TABLET FROM TXILZ WE'RE DELIGHTED TO FINALLY HAVE A FEMALE FROM EARTH HERE


OUR ENVIRONMENT SIMULATOR IS RE-CREATING ALL THE CHARMS AND DELIGHTS OF EARTH'S BYGONE DAYS. WE GENERALLY RECEIVE NUMEROUS COMPLIMENTS FROM OUR GALAXITY GUESTS...THIS WAY, PLEASE.
POOR VALERIAN! IF ONLY HE KNEW!



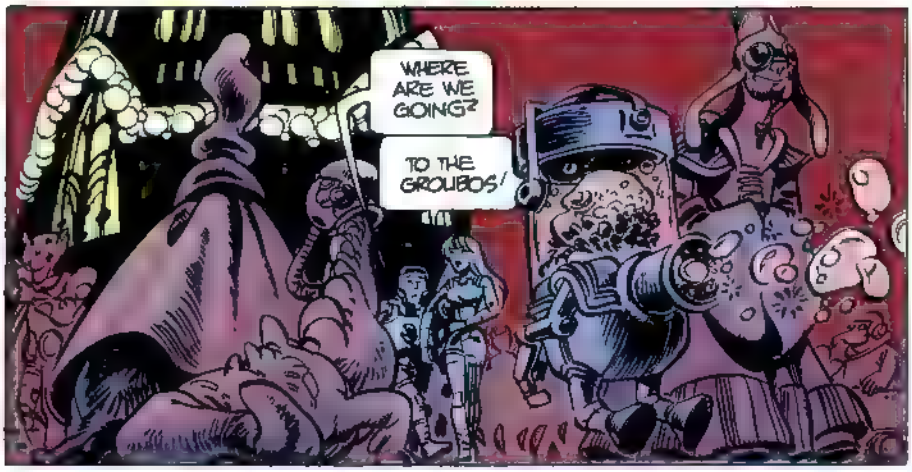

NOW MAYBE IF I HAVE SOME LEISURE TIME
HUM
WHERE DID I PUT MY WEAPON? AH! HERE IT IS
BUT DIDN'T YOU KNOW THAT THE SUFFUSS' SEGMENT IS NEUTRAL TERRITORY?
FORGET THE SPIEL.. I DIDN'T COME HERE LOOKING FOR ILLUSIONS!
LET'S STOP THIS MASQUERADE
WELL.. IF YOU INSIST..
OKAY, GOOD-LOOKING, ENOUGH OF THAT! STAND UP!
MM?
SO, THIS IS WHAT THE SUFFUSS REALLY ARE! AS SEDUCERS..
I BEG YOUR PARDON! TASTES AND COLORS, YOU KNOW
BESIDES, WE CAN ASSUME ANY FORM WE WANT THAT'S THE SECRET OF OUR SUCCESS UNSATISFIED CLIENTS ARE RARE, VERY RARE
I DIDN'T SAY I WASN'T SATISFIED YOU CAN EVEN MAKE ME VERY HAPPY

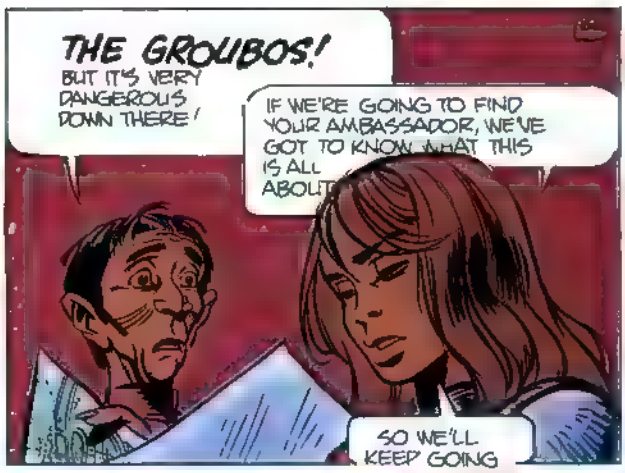

HOW MUCH FOR A SMALL SERVICE?
NATURALLY WE ACCEPT ALL CURRENCIES, BUT BUSINESS IS GOING WELL AND WE DON'T NEED
THIS LITTLE ANIMAL CAN GIVE YOU SOMETHING OTHER THAN MONEY
I'M WELL AWARE OF COURSE, APHRODISIAC TABLETS FROM TXL ARE GETTING TO BE MORE AND MORE EXPENSIVE. IT'S A STRAIN ON OUR BUDGET AND
HMM.
I WAS TOLD THE BAGOULINS WERE CELEBRATING HERE IN YOUR SEGMENT. I WANT TO "SLIP INTO THEIR MIDST", LISTEN TO WHAT THEY SAY. IS THAT POSSIBLE?
MMM. VERY DIFFICULT. AS USUAL, THE ENTIRE GROUP IS HERE, AND DURING THEIR RITUAL FEASTS THEY TEND TO GET OVEREXCITED!
WELL RATHER DIFFICULT BUT POSSIBLY OF INTEREST TO YOU. IT SEEMED TO ME THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT TWO EARTHMEN
AHEM.. ACTUALLY, IT'S EASY. BUT WE LOATHE RESORTING TO SUCH METHODS. OUR SEGMENT IS KNOWN FOR ITS INTEGRITY..
ALL RIGHT! AS YOU LIKE. IF YOU'VE GUTS ENOUGH, I'M READY TO OFFER YOU A PECULIAR EXPERIENCE. NOW, IF YOU'LL ALLOW ME, I'LL SEE TO IT
JUST A SECOND, LET ME PUT AWAY MY AFFECTIONATE LITTLE FRIEND
OUAAA
I'M READY. BUT WATCH OUT, HEY? NO DIRTY TRICKS.
DON'T WORRY, MY DEAR. ONLY, YOU MAY BE IN FOR A SURPRISE

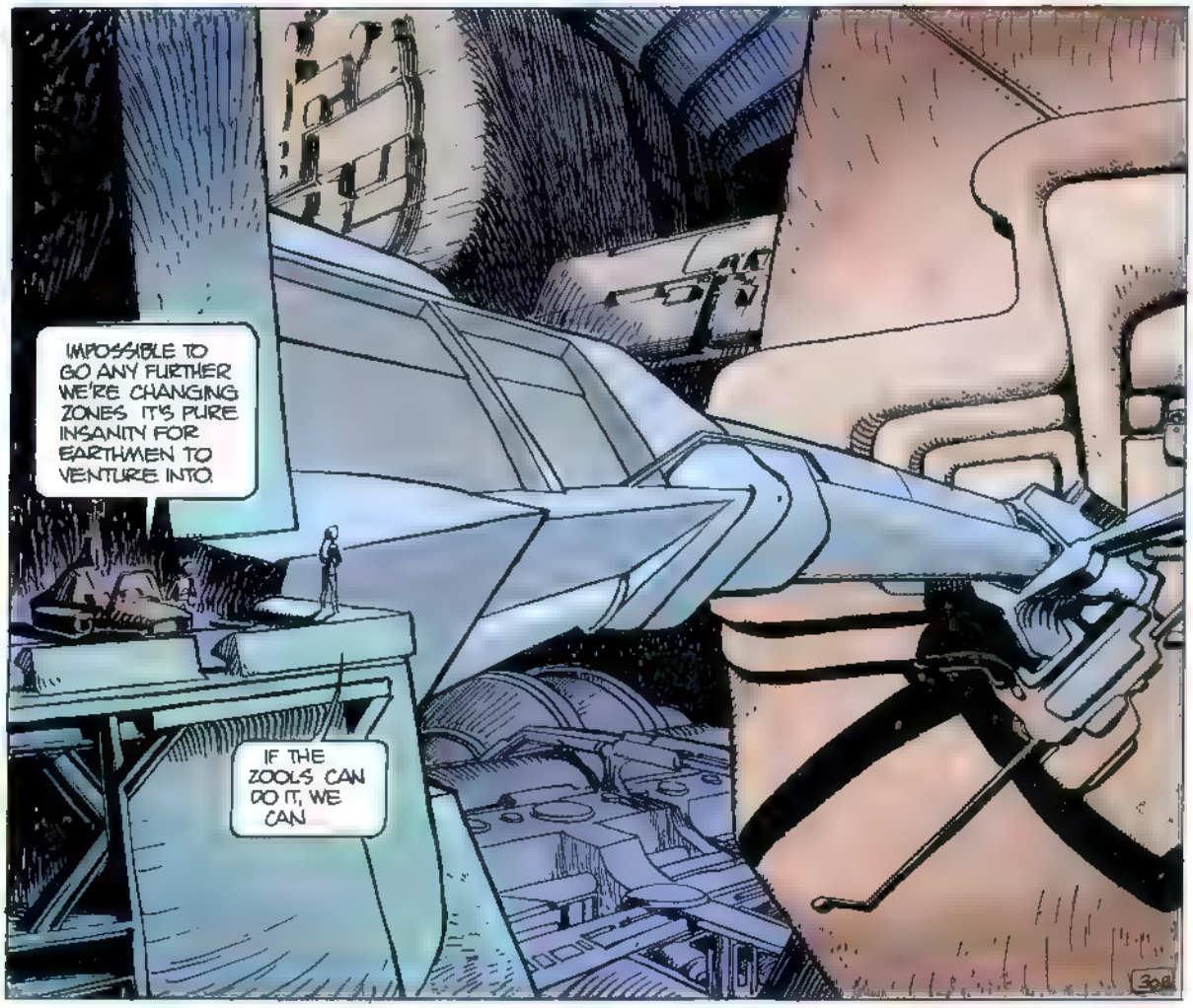
WELL? OF COURSE THE FEMALE BAGOULIN ISN'T KNOWN FOR HER BEAUTY BUT AT LEAST YOU CAN BREATHE
YES I'LL MANAGE. IT'S WEIRD COME ON, LET'S NOT WASTE ANY TIME
WE'RE ALMOST THERE!
I CAN HEAR THAT! LET'S HURRY
BAH! THEY'LL BE HERE FOR DAYS ON END, AS USUAL WHEN THEY'RE UP TO FOUL PLAY
AND DEAD-DRUNK, AS USUAL, LISTENING TO THE RANTINGS THEIR SHAMAN SPEWS FORTH
OH REALLY? I'M INTERESTED. MOVE IN CLOSER
AS YOU LIKE YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S PAYING. BUT WE'RE NOT GOING UNNOTICED, YOU KNOW
COME HERE, BEAUTIFUL!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! I'D HAVE PREFERRED A MORE DISCREET ENTRANCE
SAY THERE, HAVE A DRINK
OUR SHAMAN'S STARTING TO SPEAK AGAIN!
SHHH!
THEY'RE ARRIVING NEAR OUR WONDERFUL PLANET. I CAN HEAR THEM BUT CAN SEE NOTHING YET
OUR QUEEN'S THERE, WAITING FOR THEM. YES, I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THEY'RE LANDING

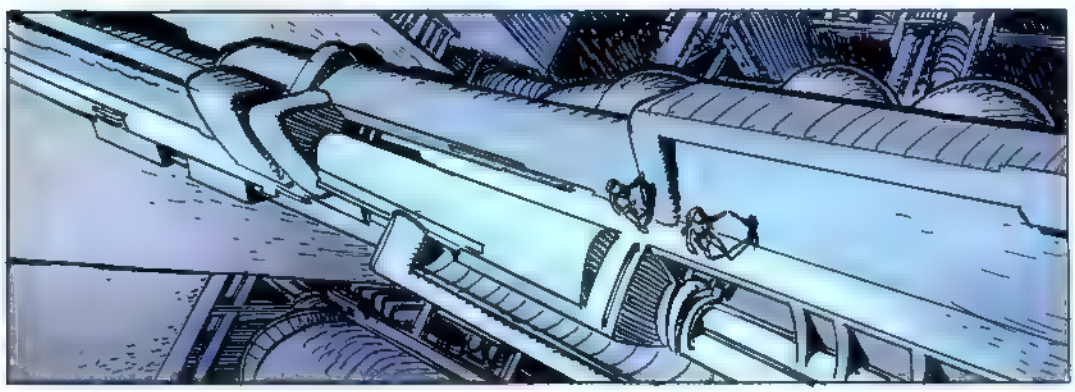
THEY'RE COMING OUT AND OUR QUEEN IS PLEASED.
BUT ONE OF THEM IS UN-WANTED. SHOULD HE BE KILLED?
OUR QUEEN IS WEIGHING THE MATTER WITH HER CUSTOMARY MAGNANIMITY. SHE'S OBSERVING THE EARTHMAN, WHO SEEMS TO BE ASLEEP.
VALERIAN! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM?
BE QUIET!
?!
TIME IS RUNNING SHORT, FOR IN THE LAKE OF PERFUMED WATERS.
THE GROUBOS ARE WAITING TO GO WHERE THEY MUST.
OUR QUEEN HAS DECIDED SHE WILL SPARE HIS LIFE.
HE'S BEING ABSORBED BY A TRANSLUCENT SPHERE. HE'S SINKING INTO THE SWEETLY SCENTED LAKE WITH HIS COMPANION.
OUR BELOVED QUEEN IS CONGRATULATING THE HEROES AND THE LAKE IS OPENING TO ALLOW THE GROUBOS TO LEAVE WITH THEIR BURDEN.

IT WORKED!!!
LET'S DRINK!!!
COME ON, BEAUTIFUL LET'S CELEBRATE!
BUT
LET'S BEAT IT!
OH! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK! I PROMISE!
HEY STICK AROUND!
GET ME OUT OF HERE!
PHEW!
THESE GROUBOS - WHO ARE THEY?
HEY! THAT WASN'T PART OF OUR BARGAIN.
TRUE! I'M BEGINNING TO CATCH ON TO HOW THINGS ARE RUN HERE ON CENTRAL POINT
WELL?
ALAS! ONE OF THE FEW RACES WHO AREN'T CLIENTS OF OURS THEY'RE BLIND AQUATICS ENORMOUS, I BELIEVE BUT WE NEVER SEE THEM HERE GRAVITATIONAL INCOMPATIBILITY THEY OCCUPY ONE OF THE LEAST-KNOWN ZONES OF CENTRAL POINT
THANKS ANYWAY, SUFFUSS. DON'T BOTHER COMING WITH ME I'LL FIND MY WAY SAY THERE, GRUMPY! YOU SEEM TO BE A BIT STONED AFTER ALL THOSE TABLETS, EH?
SMACK!
SMACK!
SMACK!
WELL, WELL, COLONEL PROTOCOL, HERE YOU ARE I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T FREQUENT SUCH DISREPUTABLE PLACES
UH THAT IS TO SAY
YES, I KNOW A MAN FAR FROM HIS MOTHER PLANET FEELS CERTAIN NEEDS, RIGHT?
NO NEED TO EXAGGERATE
COME ON, LET'S SCRAM
21

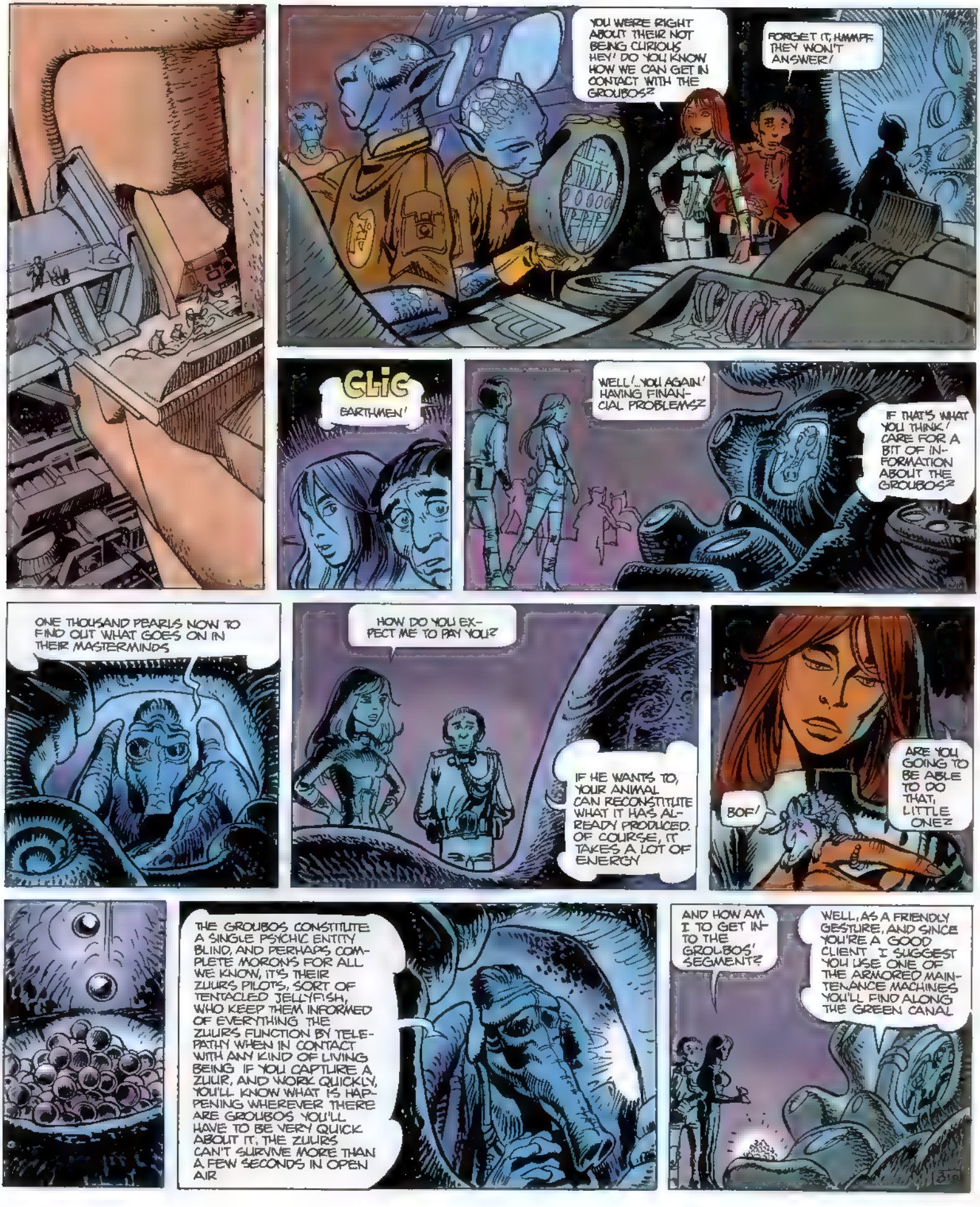

WHERE ARE WE GOING?
TO THE GROUBOS!

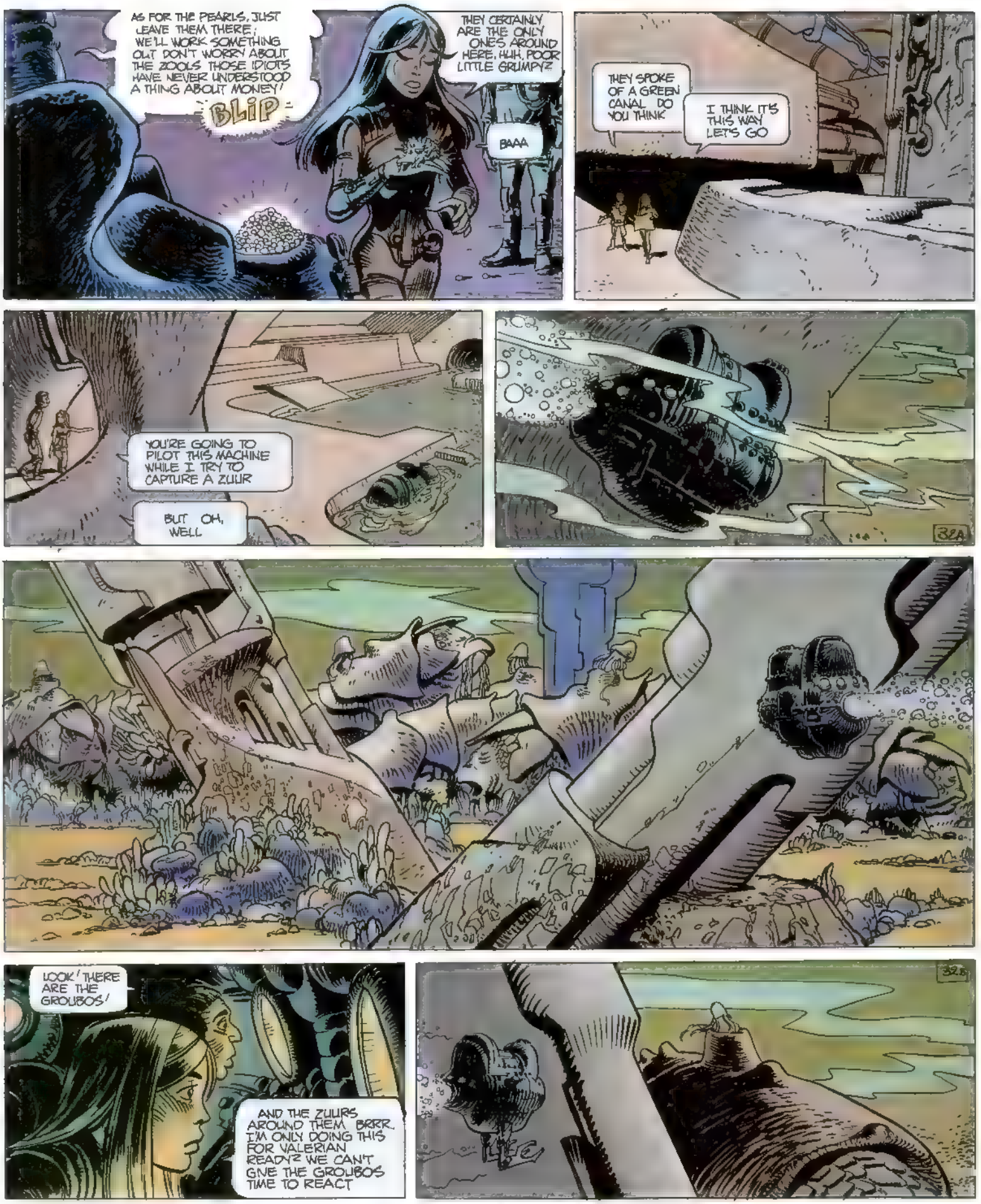

THE GROUBOS!
BUT IT'S VERY DANGEROUS DOWN THERE!
IF WE'RE GOING TO FIND YOUR AMBASSADOR, WE'VE GOT TO KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
SO WE'LL KEEP GOING


IMPOSSIBLE TO GO ANY FURTHER WE'RE CHANGING ZONES IT'S PURE INSANITY FOR EARTHMEN TO VENTURE INTO.
IF THE ZOOLS CAN DO IT, WE CAN.
30B



OVER THERE! A GALLERY WITH A VIEW OF A CREW OF ZOOLS AT WORK! LET'S GO.
30C

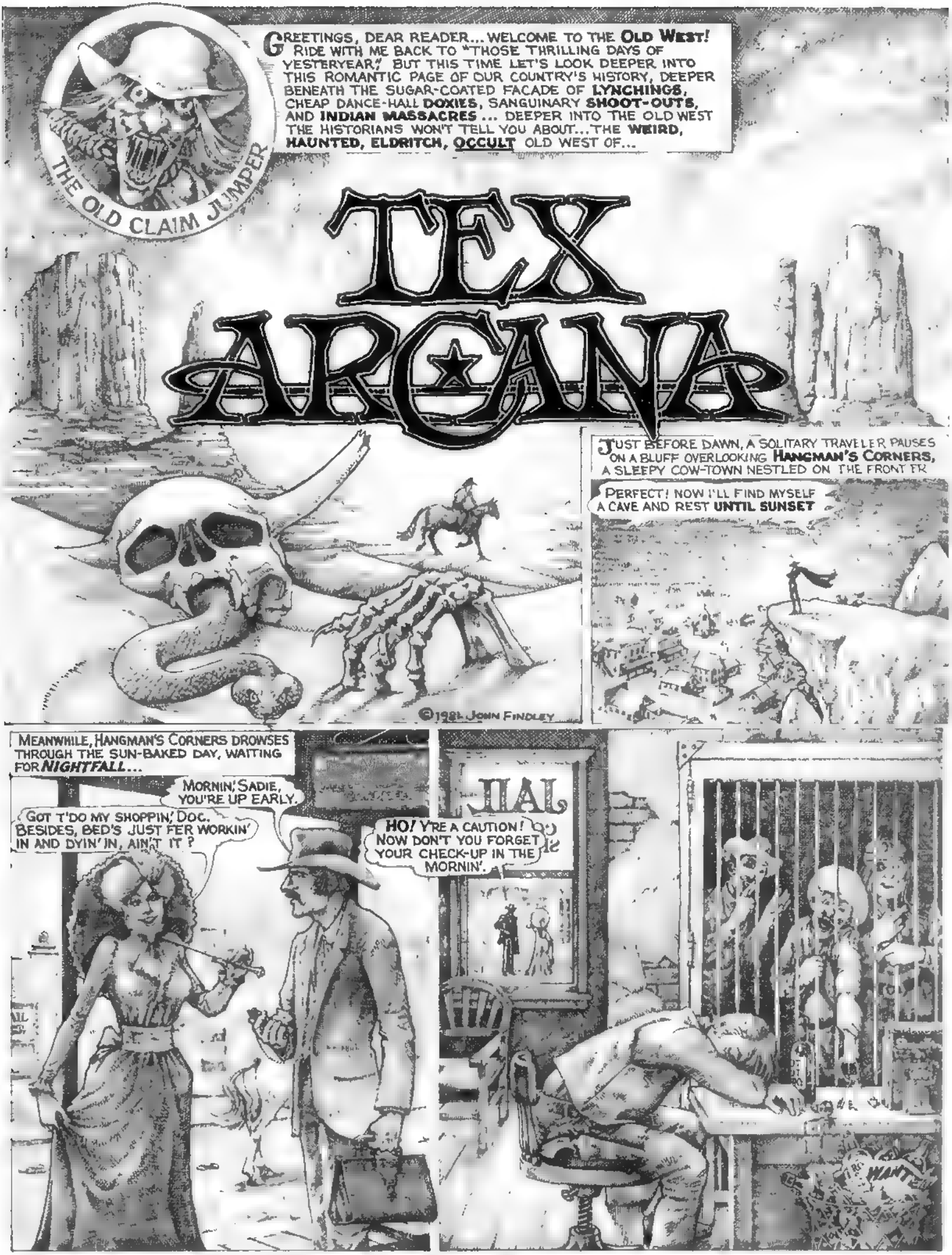

YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT THEIR NOT BEING CURIOUS. HEY! DO YOU KNOW HOW WE CAN GET IN CONTACT WITH THE GROUBOS?
FORGET IT, HMMPF. THEY WON'T ANSWER!
GLIC
EARTHMEN!
WELL!... YOU AGAIN! HAVING FINANCIAL PROBLEMS?
IF THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! I CARE FOR A BIT OF INFORMATION ABOUT THE GROUBOS?
ONE THOUSAND PEARLS NOW TO FIND OUT WHAT GOES ON IN THEIR MASTERMINDS
HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO PAY YOU?
IF HE WANTS TO, YOUR ANIMAL CAN RECONSTITUTE WHAT IT HAS ALREADY PRODUCED. OF COURSE, IT TAKES A LOT OF ENERGY
ARE YOU GOING TO BE ABLE TO DO THAT, LITTLE ONE?
BOF!
THE GROUBOS CONSTITUTE A SINGLE PSYCHIC ENTITY BLIND, AND PERHAPS COMPLETE MORONS FOR ALL WE KNOW, IT'S THEIR ZUURS PILOTS, SORT OF TENTACLED JELLYFISH, WHO KEEP THEM INFORMED OF EVERYTHING. THE ZUURS FUNCTION BY TELEPATHY WHEN IN CONTACT WITH ANY KIND OF LIVING BEING. IF YOU CAPTURE A ZUUR, AND WORK QUICKLY, YOU'LL KNOW WHAT IS HAPPENING WHEREVER THERE ARE GROUBOS. YOU'LL HAVE TO BE VERY QUICK ABOUT IT, THE ZUURS CAN'T SURVIVE MORE THAN A FEW SECONDS IN OPEN AIR
AND HOW AM I TO GET INTO THE GROUBOS' SEGMENT?
WELL, AS A FRIENDLY GESTURE, AND SINCE YOU'RE A GOOD CLIENT I SUGGEST YOU USE ONE OF THE ARMORED MAINTENANCE MACHINES YOU'LL FIND ALONG THE GREEN CANAL


AS FOR THE PEARLS, JUST LEAVE THEM THERE; WE'LL WORK SOMETHING OUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE ZOOLS THOSE IDIOTS HAVE NEVER UNDERSTOOD A THING ABOUT MONEY!
BLIP
THEY CERTAINLY ARE THE ONLY ONES AROUND HERE, HUH, POOR LITTLE GRUMPYZ
BAAA
THEY SPOKE OF A GREEN CANAL DO YOU THINK
I THINK IT'S THIS WAY LET'S GO
YOU'RE GOING TO PILOT THIS MACHINE WHILE I TRY TO CAPTURE A ZUUR
BUT OH, WELL
32A
LOOK! THERE ARE THE GROUBOS!
AND THE ZUURS AROUND THEM BRRR. I'M ONLY DOING THIS FOR VALERIAN READY? WE CAN'T GIVE THE GROUBOS TIME TO REACT
32B

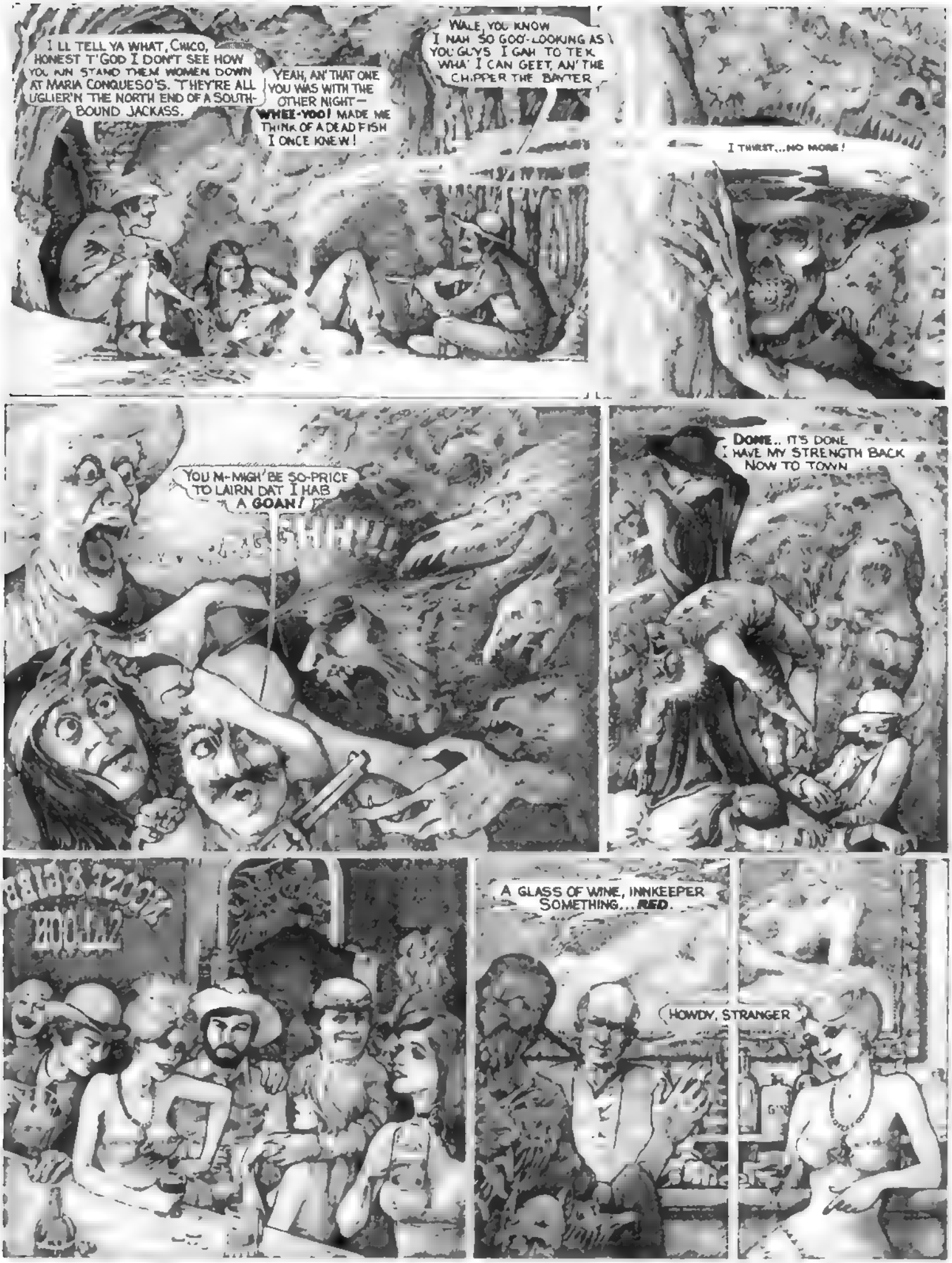
HELP ME!
BUT THEY'RE SO DISGUSTING
I KNOW.
SHLAPF
HELP ME, ZUUR,
IMAGES, IMAGES!
IT SEEMS TO BE CHANGING
I DON'T SEE ANYTHING, NOT A THING
AH, THERE'S SOMETHING THE GROUBOS' SHIP

AND ANOTHER SHIP NEAR IT!
THEY'RE APPROACHING ONE ANOTHER!
THE SPHERES ARE BEING TRANSFERRED
AH, I CAN SEE VALERIAN! BUT
IT EXPLODED! HUH? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
NO, I'M NOT!
I'LL NEVER FIND VALERIAN THIS WAY!!!
NOR OUR DEAR AMBASSADOR
NOR THE AMBASSADOR, DAMN RIGHT! WE LEFT THE EARTH'S SEGMENT HOURS AGO. AND NOW THIS UNKNOWN SHIP
WELL, I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT'S GOING ON.. AND I'M FAMISHED!
THEN TRY SOME SHELLFISH FROM THE GREEN CANAL. DELICIOUS AND CHEAP

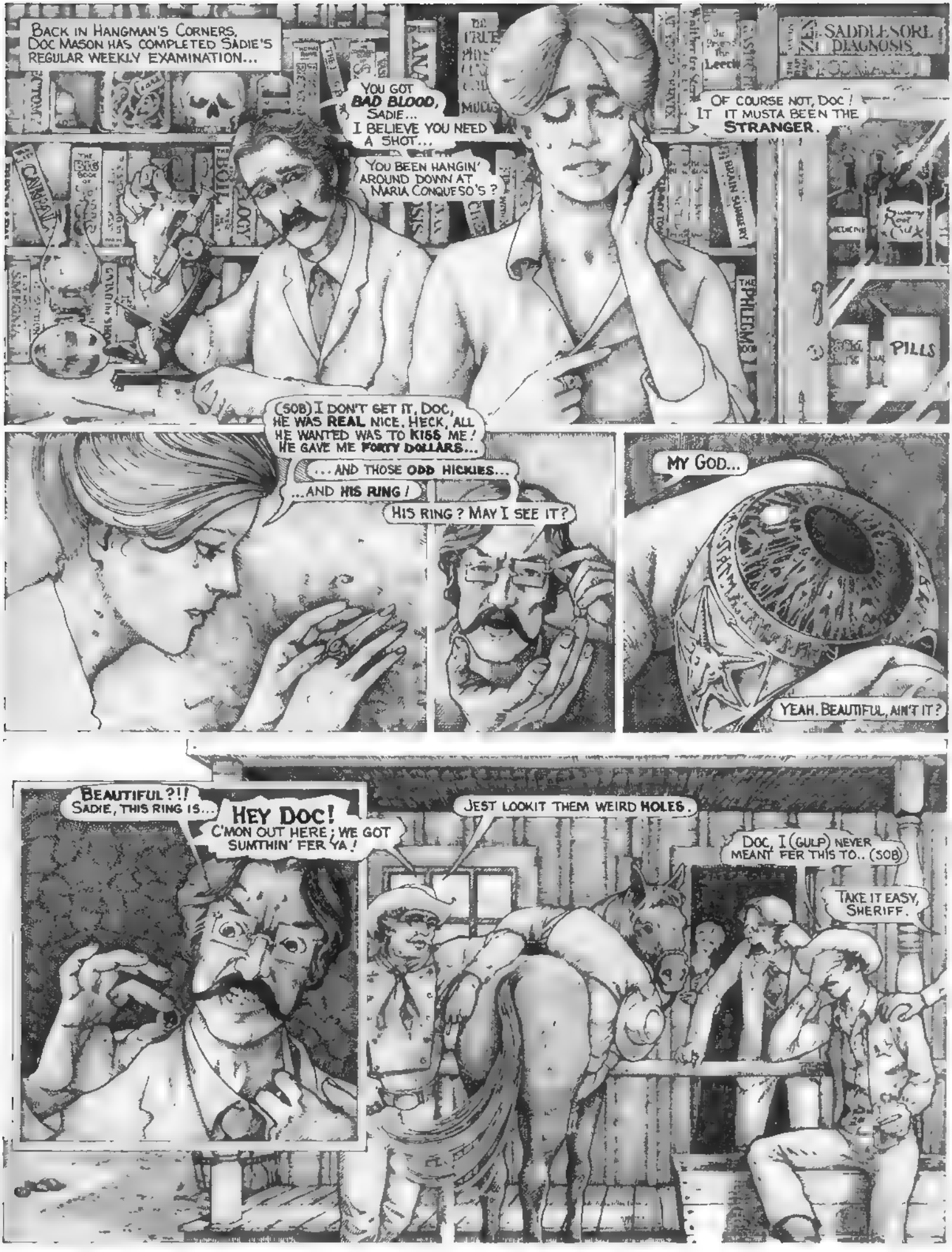
TO BE CONTINUED


THE OLD CLAIM JUMPER
GREETINGS, DEAR READER... WELCOME TO THE OLD WEST! RIDE WITH ME BACK TO "THOSE THRILLING DAYS OF YESTERYEAR," BUT THIS TIME LET'S LOOK DEEPER INTO THIS ROMANTIC PAGE OF OUR COUNTRY'S HISTORY, DEEPER BENEATH THE SUGAR-COATED FACADE OF LYNCHINGS, CHEAP DANCE-HALL DOXIES, SANGUINARY SHOOT-OUTS, AND INDIAN MASSACRES ... DEEPER INTO THE OLD WEST THE HISTORIANS WON'T TELL YOU ABOUT... THE WEIRD, HAUNTED, ELDRITCH, OCCULT OLD WEST OF...
TEX ARCANA
©1981 JOHN FINDLEY
JUST BEFORE DAWN, A SOLITARY TRAVELER PAUSES ON A BLUFF OVERLOOKING HANGMAN'S CORNERS, A SLEEPY COW-TOWN NESTLED ON THE FRONT FR
PERFECT! NOW I'LL FIND MYSELF A CAVE AND REST UNTIL SUNSET
MEANWHILE, HANGMAN'S CORNERS DROWSES THROUGH THE SUN-BAKED DAY, WAITING FOR NIGHTFALL...
MORNIN', SADIE, YOU'RE UP EARLY.
GOT T'DO MY SHOPPIN', DOC. BESIDES, BED'S JUST FER WORKIN' IN AND DYIN' IN, AIN'T IT ?
HO! Y'RE A CAUTION! NOW DON'T YOU FORGET YOUR CHECK-UP IN THE MORNIN'.
JAIL
WANTED

SO AH SEZ, "YUP, AH KIN MAKE A LAZY-W INTO A ROCKIN' BAR-M. DIFFICULT, SURE, BUT NOTHIN'S IMPOSSIBLE IF YA GOT THE MONEY...."
LORD! HOW EASY!
LOOK! I GAH HEEZ GOAN!
WHEW!
WE GOTTA FIND A PLACE TO HOLE UP FER A WHILE
THERE'S A CAVERN IN A CANYON WEST OF HERE
LE'S STILL SOME HOSSES AN' BLOW DEESS PUKE-HOLE TOWN!
WHOOOPEE!!
GADDA-YAH
SHEET! WHINNY!
THIS-HERE'S GREAT! HOWDJA KNOW 'BOUT IT?
IT JUST CAME TO ME IN A... A VISION!
DEES WAHN GOOD PLESS! DEY NAYVER LOOK HEER
YEAH BUT SOMETHIN' JUST DON'T FEEL RIGHT
MEANWHILE, BACK AT HANGMAN'S CORNERS
JAILBREAK!!!
POSSE! (HIC) GOTTA FORM A POSSE!
LOST 'EM (SOB) I LOST 'EM! HELL! I JUS' CAUGHT 'EM YESTIDAY! (HIC)(SOB)
SADIE'S RIGHT. WE'LL RIDE OUT FIRST THING IN THE MORNIN' AN' PICK 'EM UP.
SHOOT, I BET THEY HIDIN' OUT IN THE CANYON, IN THE CAVERN.
BILL! SOME COFFEE FER THE SHERIFF!
RELAX SHERIFF, THEY AIN'T NONE OF 'EM GOT 'NY MORE SENSE 'N A HEIFER IN HEAT
..UH, KNOCKIN' WITH FOUR
BILL! SOME COFFEE FER THE SHERIFF!
YES, SADIE IS RIGHT. BUT WHAT NO ONE KNOWS IS THAT DEEP WITHIN THAT VERY CAVERN A SOLITARY FIGURE SENSES THE SUN NEARING THE HORIZON, AND STIRS.


I'LL TELL YA WHAT, CHICO, HONEST T'GOD I DON'T SEE HOW YOU KIN STAND THEM WOMEN DOWN AT MARIA CONQUESO'S. THEY'RE ALL UGLIER'N THE NORTH END OF A SOUTH-BOUND JACKASS.
YEAH, AN' THAT ONE YOU WAS WITH THE OTHER NIGHT— WHEE-YOO! MADE ME THINK OF A DEAD FISH I ONCE KNEW!
WALE, YOU KNOW I NAH SO GOO'-LOOKING AS YOU GUYS I GAH TO TEK WHA' I CAN GEET, AN' THE CHIPPER THE BAYTER
I THIRST...NO MORE!
YOU M-MIGH' BE SO-PRICE TO LAIRN DAT I HAB A GOAN!
DONE.. IT'S DONE I HAVE MY STRENGTH BACK NOW TO TOWN
A GLASS OF WINE, INNKEEPER SOMETHING... RED.
HOWDY, STRANGER

STRANGER THAN WHAT?!
I GOT SOME WINE, MISTER.
...UP IN MY ROOM.
AND SO WE LEAVE SADIE AS SHE IS ABOUT TO DISCOVER A BIZARRE NEW VARIATION ON "A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH."
THE NEXT MORNING FINDS THE SHERIFF AND HIS REDOUBTABLE POSSE JUST WEST OF TOWN... IN A CAVERN... IN A CANYON....
LLYYLCKK
JUS' LOOK AT 'EM, SHERIFF!
LOOKS LIKE THEY WAS FLAT SCAIRT T'DEATH DON'T IT?
WHY THEY'S WITHER'N SHEETS AN' LOOK AT THEM HOLES!
LORD HELP! I CAN'T LOOK! (DON'T TOUCH 'EM, JED) I NEED A DRINK!
THIS-HERE ONE'S STILL BREATHIN'!
IT'S THE ONE THEY CALL CHICO!
WHAT'S HE SAYIN'?
WHAT HAPPENED, CHICO? WHO DID THIS TO YA?
...EET WAS.. ...EET WAS..
UNNH...
HE'S A GONER, BOYS
GUESS WE'LL NEVER KNOW
LOOK! MORE A THEM HOLES.
THIS LOOKS LIKE YOUR GUN, SHERIFF, AND ALL THE SHOTS HAVE BEEN FIRED
OKAY, LET'S CLEAN THIS UP. WE'LL BURY 'EM RIGHT HERE IN THE CAVE... ALL 'CEPT FER CHICO. HE'S STILL FRESH, SO I LET'S TAKE HIM IN T' DOC MASON FER A ORTOPSY
THIS PLACE SHORE GIVES ME THE CREEPS.


BACK IN HANGMAN'S CORNERS, DOC MASON HAS COMPLETED SADIE'S REGULAR WEEKLY EXAMINATION...
YOU GOT BAD BLOOD, SADIE... I BELIEVE YOU NEED A SHOT...
YOU BEEN HANGIN' AROUND DOWN AT MARIA CONQUESO'S ?
OF COURSE NOT, DOC ! IT IT MUSTA BEEN THE STRANGER.
SADDLESORE DIAGNOSIS
PILLS
(SOB) I DON'T GET IT, DOC, HE WAS REAL NICE. HECK, ALL HE WANTED WAS TO KISS ME ! HE GAVE ME FORTY DOLLARS...
...AND THOSE ODD HICKIES...
...AND HIS RING !
HIS RING ? MAY I SEE IT?
MY GOD...
YEAH. BEAUTIFUL, AIN'T IT ?
BEAUTIFUL ?!! SADIE, THIS RING IS...
HEY DOC! C'MON OUT HERE ; WE GOT SUMTHIN' FER YA !
JEST LOOKIT THEM WEIRD HOLES.
DOC, I (GULP) NEVER MEANT FER THIS TO.. (SOB)
TAKE IT EASY, SHERIFF.

WEIRD HOLES
ODD HICKIES...
STRANGE STRANGERS...
THIS IS BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE A JOB FOR...
YOU MEAN...?
YOU DON'T MEAN...
WHO? WHO?
TEX ARCANA
THAT'S WHO!
LORD HELP!
HEY, BILL! SOME COFFEE FER THE SHERIFF!
MEANWHILE, MILES AWAY.
LOOKS LIKE ALL HELL'S BUSTED LOOSE OVER AT HANGMAN'S CORNERS
Gilaww ihrëow, wyrć þin anwealđ on þæt mānfullan bifmerunga!
AND SO, DEAR READER, WE HAVE REACHED THE END OF EPISODE ONE. PONDER, IF YOU WILL, THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS: WILL DOC REACH TEX ARCANA IN TIME TO SAVE HANGMAN'S CORNERS? WILL SADIE'S HICKIES FADE AND WILL DOC REMEMBER TO GIVE HER A SHOT? AND WHAT WAS THE SIGNIFICANCE OF CHICO'S VISIT TO MARIA CONQUESO'S "ESTABLISHMENT" ON THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS ARREST?
MANY OF THESE QUESTIONS WILL BE ANSWERED NEXT MONTH. TO WHET YOUR INTEREST, HERE ARE SOME WORD BALLOONS DRAWN FROM FUTURE EPISODES ...
HERE LIES THE OLD CLAIM JUMPER ? - 1850 HIS DYIN' WERE HARD AN' HE DESERVED IT
WHY...CH-CHICO! I THOUGHT YOU WAS DEAD!
♫ OH, VAMPIRES CAN'T GO NUMBER TWO, THEY CAN TEE-TEE AND OFTEN DO! ♫
AGAIN, LAST NIGHT...THE FLAPPING OF LEATHERN WINGS.
Wunias þū in þæm smiżnes byrgenes.
WHAT! YOU?! HERE?!!
I AM THE ONE CALLED TEX ARCANA.
GOO-DEEV'NING....
AGHAST! YES, THAT'S THE WORD, AGHAST!!
DOC...YA KNOW...THE DEVIL IS ABROAD IN THE WORLD, WALKING AMONG US, FOSTERING SIN AND VIOLENCE, SULLYING CHASTITY, POLLUTING OUR PURITY OF ESSENCE, MOBILIZING THE FETID, FESTERING FORCES OF DARKNESS; AND THOSE WHO SAY HE'S NOT, WELL...THEY'RE JUST FULL OF BEANS!
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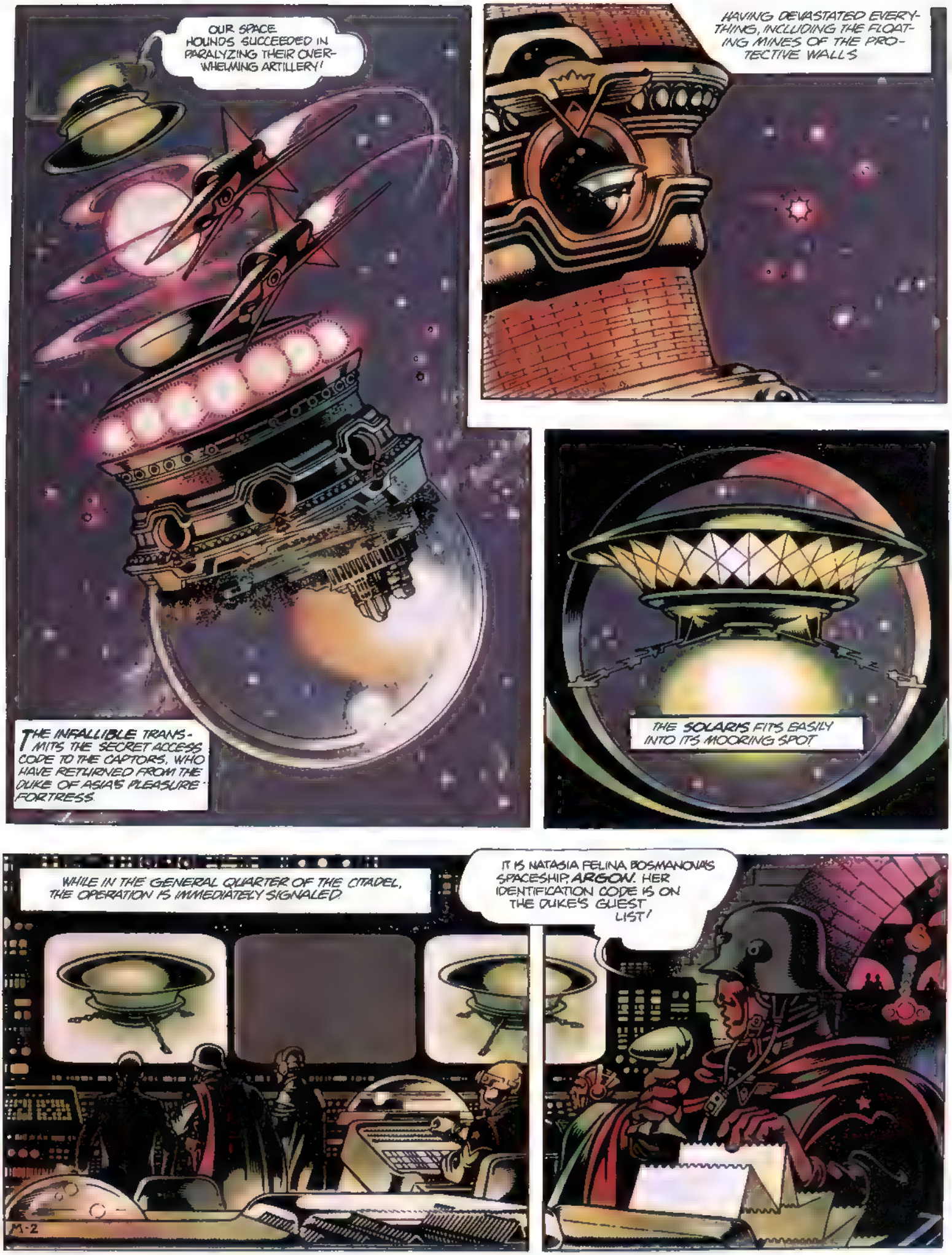
THE MAN WITH THE SUITCASE

Jean Teulé ?!.....
THE "GARE DU NORD," PARIS, WHERE SOME PEOPLE SUFFER AND SOME EVEN DIE!
Jean Teulé - 79
...A GIRL GOES BY...
...CRYING...
A MAD BLACK WITCH DOCTOR SCREAMS DIVINE INCANTATIONS...
...DIVINE!
...TRANSVESTITE COPS WITH "SHORT CIRCUITS" IN THEIR HEADS!
NORD
NORD

SUDDENLY THE MAN WITH THE SUITCASE...
PACKS IT ALL IN!
J.Teulé
...AND THE BIG, WIDE, BEAUTIFUL WORLD...
ENDS!!

MILADY 3000
THE PRINCE OF EQUILIBRIUM AND A SERENE GALAXY
BY MAGNUS
THE INFALLIBLE IS TIMING THE TRIP AROUND THE ORBIT OF THE DUKE'S CITADEL, MILADY..
BEGIN OUR RECONNAISSANCE PROGRAM OF THE CAPTORS, UER!
THE SPACESHIP SOLARIS SHRINKS IN SIZE WHILE SURPASSING THE SPEED OF LIGHT.
..AND RETURNS TO CONVENTIONAL SPACE.


OUR SPACE HOUNDS SUCCEEDED IN PARALYZING THEIR OVERWHELMING ARTILLERY!
HAVING DEVASTATED EVERYTHING, INCLUDING THE FLOATING MINES OF THE PROTECTIVE WALLS
THE INFALLIBLE TRANSMITS THE SECRET ACCESS CODE TO THE CAPTORS, WHO HAVE RETURNED FROM THE DUKE OF ASIA'S PLEASURE FORTRESS.
THE SOLARIS FITS EASILY INTO ITS MOORING SPOT.
WHILE IN THE GENERAL QUARTER OF THE CITADEL, THE OPERATION IS IMMEDIATELY SIGNALED.
IT IS NATASIA FELINA BOSMANOVAS SPACESHIP, ARGON. HER IDENTIFICATION CODE IS ON THE DUKE'S GUEST LIST!
M-2

LORD DUKE, THE COURTESAN HAS JUST ARRIVED AT THE CITADEL!
RECEIVE HER AS HER RANK REQUIRES, ORSINI, AND ACCOMPANY HER TO MY QUARTERS I WANT TO TALK TO HER IMMEDIATELY!
PRUDENCE, MILADY! THE DUKE'S CONSCIENCE NO LONGER BALKS AT CRIME!
DRAPED WITH A GLISTENING MAGNETIC ROBE OF PRECIOUS STONES, NATASIA FELINA BOSMANOVA, IMPERIAL COURTESAN AND PALACE DANCER, COMES DOWN FROM THE ANCHORED SHIP.
TO WHOM HAVE I THE HONOR OF SPEAKING?
I AM VALENTINO ORSINI, COMMANDER OF THE CITADEL. HIS HIGHNESS NICOLAS, DUKE OF ASIA, BEGS YOU TO ACCEPT THIS AS A SIGN OF HIS GOODWILL
MADAME YOU ARE MAGNIFICENT!
A VERY CLEAR TELEPATHIC WARNING COMES TO MILADY.
LITTLE DOES SHE KNOW THAT MICROSCOPIC AUDIOVISUAL INSTRUMENTS ARE CONCEALED IN THE STONES OF THIS NECKLACE AND THAT THEY CAN RELEASE A CORROSIVE GAS ON COMMAND

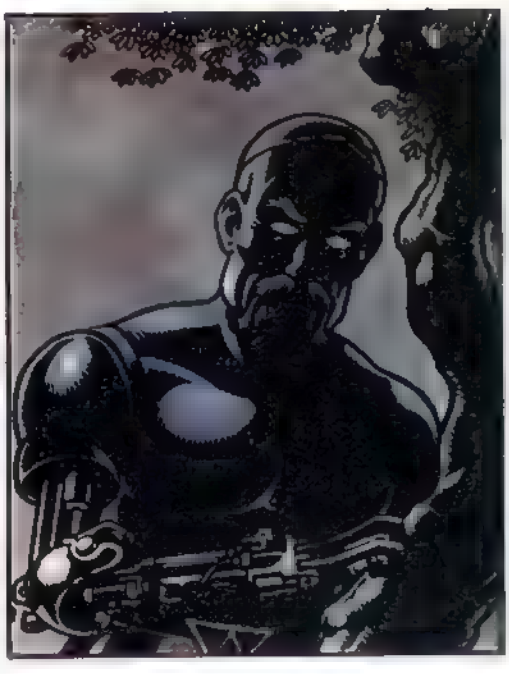
GIVE THIS BAUBLE BACK TO HIS HIGHNESS, COMMANDER, AND TELL HIM THAT I WILL ACCEPT ONLY WHAT'S DUE ME. WHAT HE INTENDS TO ACCOMPLISH REMAINS TO BE DEFINED.
OH!
YOUR REPUTATION IS NOT OVERRATED, MADAME. PERMIT ME NOW TO SHOW YOU TO THE DUKE'S PAVILION!
IN THE PAVILION OF FOUNTAINS, DUKE NICOLAS OF ASIA IS FULL OF ATTENTIONS FOR HIS BEAUTIFUL..
NASTASIA! SATIN AND SILK DANCER!
...AMONG YOUR ARTIFICIAL BEAUTIES, YOUR GRACE IS STILL MORE SPLENDID!
YOUR HIGHNESS. I'M WAITING FOR YOU TO GO INTO FURTHER DETAILS ABOUT THE AFFAIR!
HOW SEVERE YOU ARE! CAN'T WE SPEAK OF BUSINESS AS WE ALLOW OURSELVES SOME EROTIC RELAXATION?
YOUR HIGHNESS. WHY, OUT OF THE 8,000 PROSTITUTES IN THE PALACE, DID YOU SUMMON ME?
M-4

VERY WELL, EXQUISITE ONE! WE'LL TALK HONESTLY! IT'S YOUR MEMBERSHIP IN THE SECRET SECT OF EXECUTIONERS THAT ATTRACTED ME TO YOU!
AH, OF COURSE!
YOU SURELY KNOW THE DESTINY OF MY FAMILY! THE ASIAS COULD HAVE ASPIRED TO THE IMPERIAL THRONE! BUT SIXTY YEARS AGO THE LINE OF THE NIKKAS PUT THEIR BASTARD THERE, A TIGER ON THE THRONE WHO WAS PURELY A VULGAR THIEF.
HIS ONLY ACHIEVEMENT WAS TO BEGIN THE EXTERMINATION OF THE MASSES!
BUT TODAY, MY MESSENGER MUST HAVE ALREADY GIVEN YOU AN IDEA OF THE BIG PLANS OF OUR PEOPLE: THE KIDNAPPING OF HIS HIGHNESS THE HEIR APPARENT
AND THE REVOLT OF THE SEVEN ANCIENT PROVINCES, WHICH WILL FOLLOW.
PRINCE EDO IS THE HOST OF THE CITADEL AND CERTAINLY SUSPECTS NOTHING! YOU WILL BE THE PRIME INSTRUMENT OF MY CONSPIRACY
HIS HIGHNESS NEVER SEPARATES HIMSELF FROM HIS BODYGUARDS, BUT YOUR EXCEPTIONAL POWERS WILL MAKE HIM WANT YOU! YOU WILL PUT A SLEEPING TABLET IN HIS DRINK AND...
WAMP
BUT THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW FOR THE MOMENT! LOOK, INSTEAD! THIS IS QUITE AN EXCEPTIONAL PHENOMENON IN THIS CITADEL! OUR METEOROLOGICAL SYSTEM PRESENTS US WITH A LITTLE STORM!
LET'S FIND SOME SHELTER!
RRRRRUMBLE
FROSC
AFTER HER MEETING WITH THE DUKE, NASTASIA IS ESCORTED BY ORSINI TO THE APARTMENTS. HER STEWARD, LIER, CARRIES A LEATHER TRUNK AS BAGGAGE
MAY I GIVE YOU SOME ADVICE? DON'T PROWL AROUND UNDER THE DOME WHEN OUR SOLAR SATELLITE PASSES JUST ABOVE THE HORIZON! IT'S EXTREMELY DANGEROUS! I BID YOU GOOD NIGHT!

OUR HOUR HAS ARRIVED, MILADY! BEFORE THE SATELLITE EMERGES ON THE HORIZON, I WILL HAVE ACCOMPLISHED THE FIRST PART OF THE PLAN!
ATMOSPHERIC HUMIDITY IN THE UPPER PERCENTILE.

ME, LIÉR, FIRST-CLASS ELECTRO-CHEMICAL ANDROID. I LOST TWO LEGS AND THREE ARMS DURING THE WAR, IN THE SERVICE OF THE EMPEROR
THE GIGANTIC LIÉR SETS A SERIES OF EXPLOSIVES THROUGHOUT THE CITADEL, AS IF HE KNEW THE DEEP STRUCTURES PERFECTLY.

BUT IT'S MILADY WHO MADE ME LOSE MY HEAD!
M·6



ALL OF A SUDDEN, DISTURBING THE QUIET OF THE PARK, AN OFTEN HEARD CRY RINGS BEHIND HER
BEWARE OF US! GLORY TO NIKKA!
?
BY ASIMOV! I NEVER WOULD HAVE BELIEVED THAT ONE DAY I'D MEET ONE OF MY OWN KIND AGAIN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
WHAT DID YOU SAY?
I AM ONE OF THE DUKE'S GARDENERS. A FIRST-CLASS ANDROID LIKE YOU! YOU HAVE THE SAME CHARACTERISTICS AS I DO! ISN'T THAT SO, OLD CARCASS?
I DON'T UNDERSTAND ANY OF YOUR TALK, GARDENER! YOU'RE DIGRESSING. I AM THE STEWARD OF A GREAT LADY OF THE CITADEL WHO IS STAYING HERE AS A FIRST-CLASS GUEST!
I'M IN A GREAT HURRY AND MY RANK DOESN'T ALLOW ME TO WASTE TIME WITH YOU!
HUH? SO THAT'S SOLIDARITY WITH AN OLD COMRADE IN ARMS FOR YOU! YOU'VE FORGOTTEN YOUR ROOTS!
WHY LIE TO ME? WE CAN'T FOOL EACH OTHER AS MORTALS DO. LOYALTY TO OUR CREATORS HAS BEEN INSTILLED IN US AND EVERYTHING MUST BE BROUGHT TO THEIR ATTENTION THROUGH THE OFFICIAL CHANNELS!

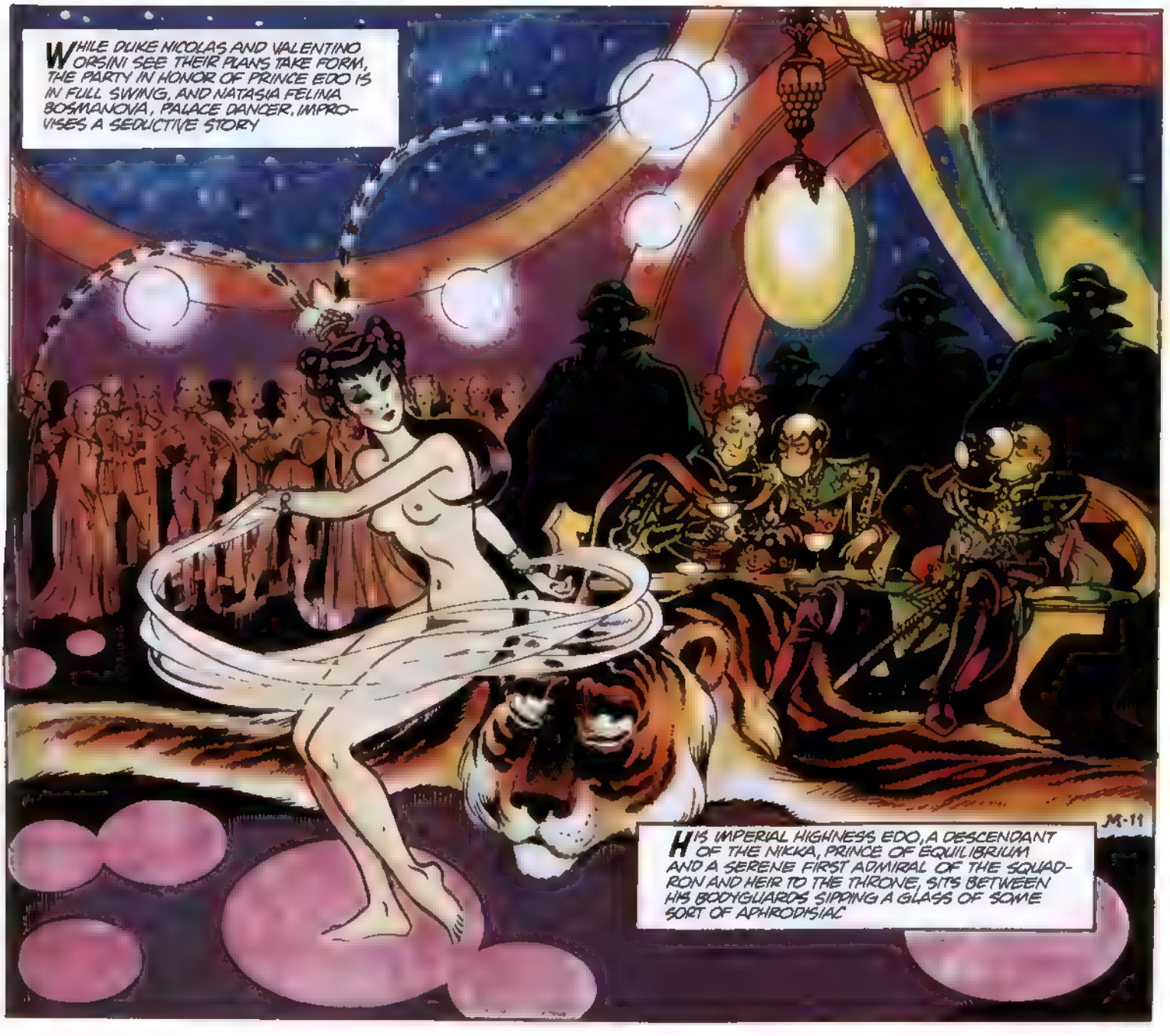
WHEN THE ARTIFICIAL DAY LIGHTS UP THE CITADEL AGAIN, NICOLAS AND ORSINI HOLD THEIR DAILY MEETING.
SO SHE REFUSED THE CONTROL NECKLACE! ACTUALLY, I'M GLAD OF IT.. IT'S A SIGN OF HER EXCEPTIONAL ABILITY!
HMM! I'D LIKE TO BE AS CHEERFUL AS HIS HIGHNESS!
YOU KNOW, I WAS AGAINST MIXING HER UP IN THIS PERILOUS ENTERPRISE FROM THE START! PERSONALLY, I DON'T HAVE THE LEAST BIT OF CONFIDENCE IN THE LOYALTY OR DEVOTION OF WOMEN!
HA, HA, HA, ORSINI! YOU NEVER CHANGE! AS FOR ME, I LOVE WOMEN. AND RISK!
OBSERVE!
HOW?!? THE VOLLEB WARRIORS?!? IT'S TOO DANGEROUS! YOU ARE MAKING VERY RASH USE OF THE CONJURER!

THE LASER CONJURER, OR INSTINCT-LIBERATING MACHINE, OF DUKE NICOLAS FLASHES INTO THE RED SCALE WHAT APPEARS IS A VISION OF DENSITY COMPARABLE TO THE TELEKINETIC PROPERTIES OF OBJECT DISPLACEMENT
APPRECIATE THIS!
SZAP
FROM NOW ON I AM UN-BEATABLE AT THIS GAME!
TUNF
SWAZ
DIRECT THRUST!
DID THAT PLEASE YOU? THREE BLOWS, THREE VICTIMS!
BRAVO! BRAVO! YOUR STYLE IS STILL AS RELENTLESS AS EVER!
M-9

THE EVOKER IS MY ONLY OUTLET AND PERMITS ME TO MAINTAIN MY PERSONAL COMBAT POWER IN FULL FORM!
THERE IS NO QUESTION ABOUT YOUR COURAGE OR YOUR MARTIAL QUALITIES, YOUR HIGHNESS HOWEVER, YOU SHOULDN'T EXPOSE YOURSELF TO THESE VIOLENT REPRESENTATIONS AT SUCH A HIGH CONCENTRATION
ZZZ
VALENTINO ORSINI IS VERY CONCERNED!
AS FOR ME, I HAVE MANY OTHER PROBLEMS THE PRINCE'S ESCORT, FOR EXAMPLE.
HAVE THE SLAVE COME IN!
CLIK
DID YOU ASK TO SEE ME? WHAT DO YOU WANT, MANCHOT? SPEAK!
GLORY TO THE NIKKA! SLAVE OF THE DUKE! I'VE COME TO BRING YOU SOMETHING STRANGE, AND A DOUBT THAT WEIGHS HEAVY ON MY MIND BOX!
THIS GREAT LADY'S STEWARD CAN'T FOOL ME! HE'S AN ELECTROCHEMICAL ANDROID OF THE FIRST CLASS, LIKE ME, DRAFTED TO THE GRENADIER CORPS OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD..
IN THE CAPRICORN WAR I FOUGHT WITH MY KIND AND WE WERE ALL INJURED DURING THE BATTLE!
I LOST MY BIOLOGICAL ARM THERE
CLIK
WHICH THEY REPLACED WITH THIS MECHANICAL THING
..ENOUGH! A GRENADIER OF THE GUARD, DID YOU SAY?

CURSES!
ORSINI IMMEDIATELY CONSULTED THE UNIVERSAL SECRET INFORMER OF THE CITADEL AFTER HAVING HIS SUSPICIONS CONFIRMED BY THE GARDENER

THE ANDROID STEWARD OF THE DANCER IS AN EX-GRENADIER OF THE GUARD RETURNED TO THE IMPERIAL SS!
THE SECRET IMPERIAL SERVICES?/ WE'VE BEEN DUPED!
CAPTURE NATASIA AND DESTROY HER ANDROID!


WHILE DUKE NICOLAS AND VALENTINO ORSINI SEE THEIR PLANS TAKE FORM, THE PARTY IN HONOR OF PRINCE EDO IS IN FULL SWING, AND NATASIA FELINA BOSMANOVA, PALACE DANCER, IMPROVISES A SEDUCTIVE STORY
HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS EDO, A DESCENDANT OF THE NIKKA, PRINCE OF EQUILIBRIUM AND A SERENE FIRST ADMIRAL OF THE SQUADRON AND HEIR TO THE THRONE, SITS BETWEEN HIS BODYGUARDS SIPPING A GLASS OF SOME SORT OF APHRODISIAC
M-11

SUDDENLY, HIT WITH A BOLT OF LUSTFUL ENTHUSIASM
THAT DANCER! CAPTAIN ZENTRAK, I WANT TO MEET HER FACE TO FACE!
MADAME, HIS HIGHNESS PRINCE EDO DESIRES YOUR SPLENDOR FOR HIMSELF ALONE
TELL THE PRINCE OF THE DYNASTY THAT I WILL BE VERY HONORED TO MEET HIM AT THE PAVILION OF MURMURS.
YOUR HIGHNESS, I AM YOUR DEVOTED SLAVE!
WHAT IS SIMPLE SATISFACTION, IN COMPARISON TO THE BITE OF PASSIONATE DESIRE. THIS DRUG WILL MAKE OUR SENSES BURN!
M-12

AT THE SAME MOMENT THE ALARM SIGNAL SOUNDS IN THE FESTIVAL ROOM

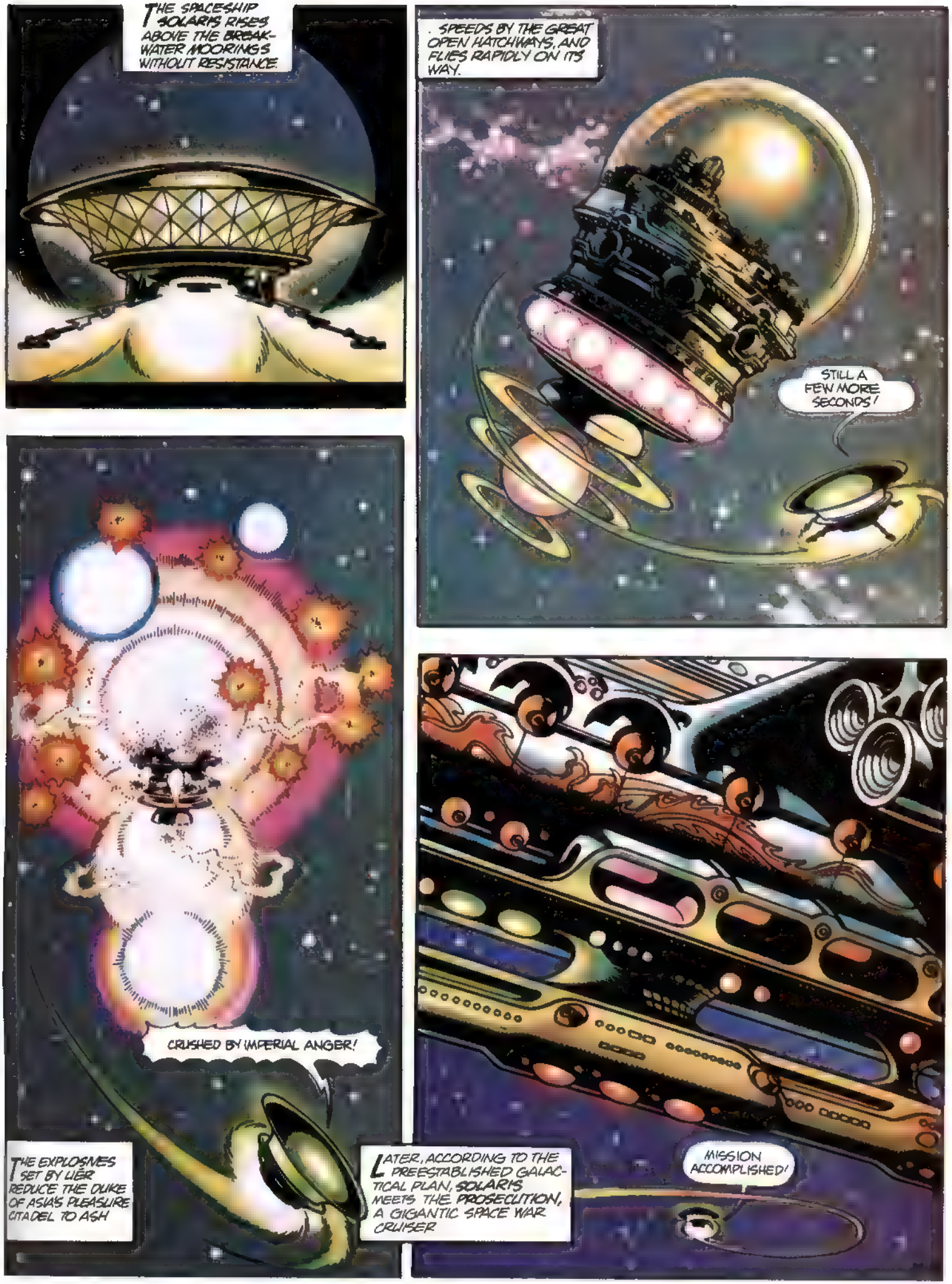
THE PRINCE BECOMES INTENSELY PARANOID!

A SIMPLE PRESSURE OF THE FINGER AND

STOP! IN THE NAME OF THE DUKE!
WHILE WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL FROM MILADY, OUTSIDE THE PAVILION OF MURMURS, THE FAITHFUL UÉR IS CHALLENGED BY ONE OF THE DUKE'S PATROLS.
THE NATURE OF HIS EYES CHANGES AT ONCE AS HE THROWS OUT A TELEPATHIC CALL
ALERT, MILADY!
SCC-WAMP
QUICK, UÉR! TAKE HIS HIGHNESS AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
YES, MILADY!
THEN, ESCAPING PAST THE GUARDS, THEY REACH THE SOLARIS.

SEEN BY NO ONE, THEY GO ON BOARD CARRYING THE UNCONSCIOUS HEIR.
QUICKLY! QUICKLY!
GO, UÉR! THAT'S THE FINAL PHASE! CONNECT THE INFALLIBLE TO THE FUNDAMENTAL COMPONENTS OF THE DUKE'S EVOKER!
THEN THE SO-CALLED DANCER TAKES ON HER TRUE IDENTITY
HOW IS IT THEY GOT AWAY FROM OUR GUARDS? WHERE'S PRINCE EDO? DO SOMETHING!
WHAT DID I TELL YOU? WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TRUSTED THAT FEMALE!
UNDER THE POWER OF THE INFALLIBLE, THE EVOKER PROJECTS THE IMAGE OF MILADY IN THE ROOM WHERE THE DUKE AND ORSINI ARE FOLLOWING THE EVENTS
WE'RE THERE, UÉR! SET THE LASER CONJURER ON POINT 4 OF THE RED SCALE!
LOOK, ORSINI! THE EVOKER HAS STARTED BY ITSELF!
YOUR HIGHNESS! IT'S SHE! SHE'S MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE VOLLEB WARRIORS!

CATCH, FEMALE!
IMBECILE! YOUR GUN IS POWERLESS AGAINST THESE LUMINOUS WAVES!
TCH POW
BUT IT'S A QUESTION, ALL THE SAME, OF WHICH LASER!
TCH WAMP
WHAT DID YOU DOZ NATASIA?!? WHY?
NATASIA, YOUR HIGHNESS?
ACTUALLY, I AM PAULONIA ROMANIA COUNTESS ZUMO. COLONEL OF THE IMPERIAL SECRET SERVICES!
LONG LIVE THE DYNASTY!
GRK
KRAK
CIK CIK
UHH!
UHH!
AIII!
TAKE OFF, LIÉR! WE'RE FINISHED!
YES, MILADY!


THE SPACESHIP SOLARIS RISES ABOVE THE BREAK-WATER MOORINGS WITHOUT RESISTANCE.
. SPEEDS BY THE GREAT OPEN HATCHWAYS, AND FLIES RAPIDLY ON ITS WAY.
STILL A FEW MORE SECONDS!
CRUSHED BY IMPERIAL ANGER!
THE EXPLOSIVES SET BY LIÉR REDUCE THE DUKE OF ASIA'S PLEASURE CITADEL TO ASH
LATER, ACCORDING TO THE PREESTABLISHED GALACTICAL PLAN, SOLARIS MEETS THE PROSECUTION, A GIGANTIC SPACE WAR CRUISER
MISSION ACCOMPLISHED!

COMMANDER KANG, ON ACCOUNT OF YOUR CHARGE AS THE PRINCE'S TUTOR, I'M ENTRUSTING YOU WITH HIS HIGHNESS AND GIVING YOU HIS SWORD AS A SYMBOL OF NOBILITY!
HIS HIGHNESS IS GOING TO BE PUT IMMEDIATELY IN THE HANDS OF THE SHIP'S DOCTORS, COLONEL!
NO ONE HERE WILL REGRET THE LOSS OF HIS BODYGUARDS THOSE COURTESANS, THIRSTY FOR DRUGS AND ORGIES OFFICERS OF BAL
THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO HAVE SAVED THE YOUNG TIGER OF THE DYNASTY!
LONG LIVE THE DYNASTY!
THE DYNASTY!
YOUR DAUGHTER SAVED OUR YOUNG IMPERIAL DESCENDANT FROM THE CONSPIRACY OF A DISLOYAL VASSAL, COUNT ZUMO!
FLOWER OF HER LINE! EVEN AT A VERY EARLY AGE, MY DAUGHTER PAULONIA WAS AN EXTRAORDINARY CHILD!
THE EMPEROR! THE TIGER ON THE THRONE!
FIN

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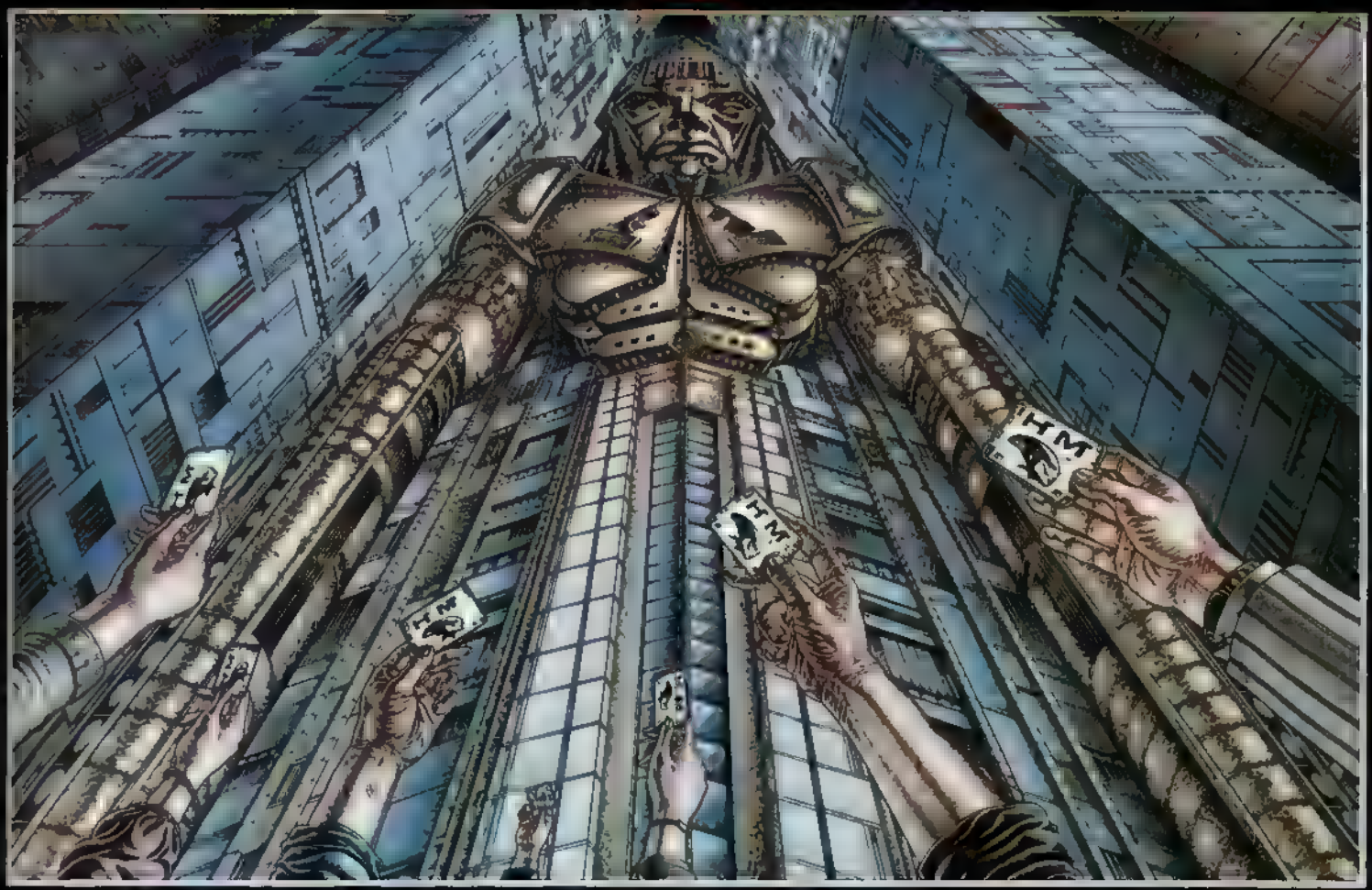

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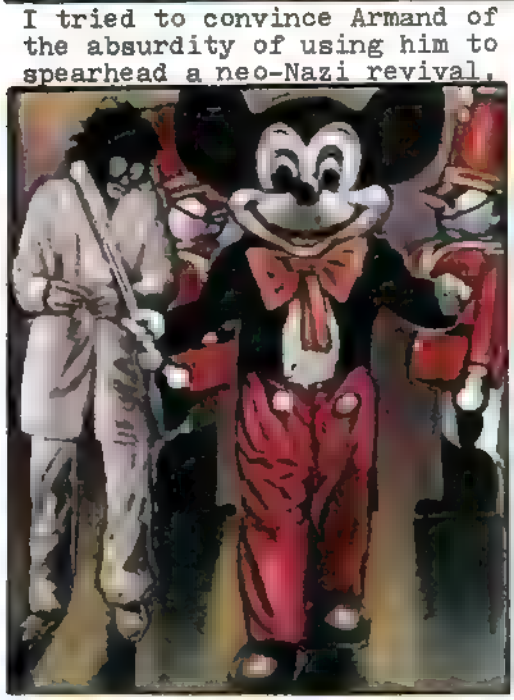
As I watched, the monster came to life. Adolf Hitler opened his eyes and spoke...
For days, I'd been unable to sleep, tormented by the knowledge that I was helping to revive the greatest monster in history.
©1981 BOB KIERKEARD, JR.

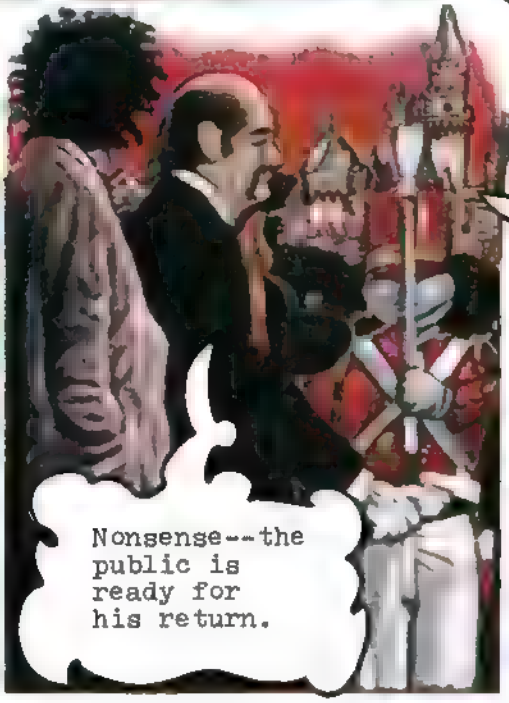
Whose beautiful body is this? My goodness, it's mine!

The bullet that had shattered Hitler's brain had taken its toll of his memory.

Who am I, anyway? Is this one of those dreadful games where I have to guess?

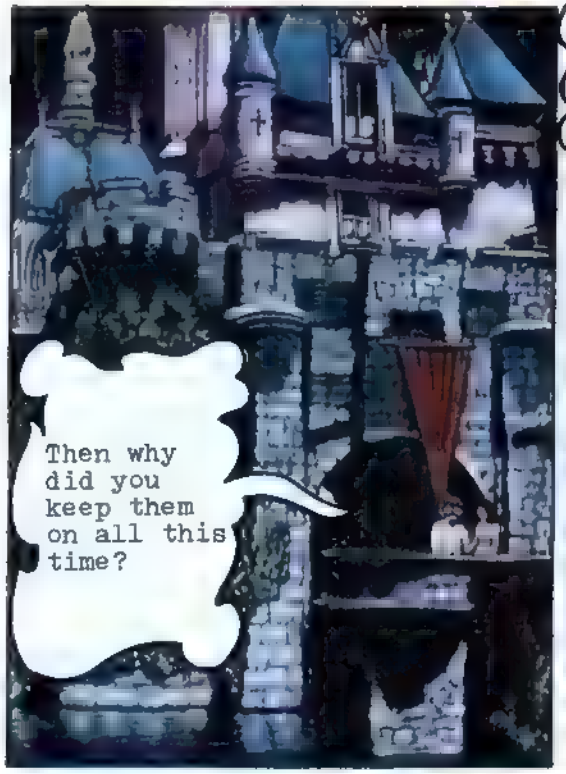
The born-again Hitler was charming, fluent--and sensitive...
I would have used a much more daring color with the draperies, and the Rockefeller ferns are just too cliche!

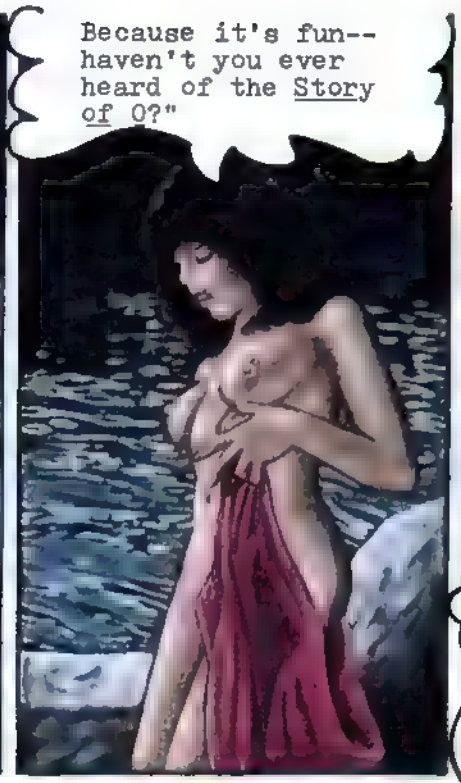

I tried to convince Armand of the absurdity of using him to spearhead a neo-Nazi revival.


Nonsense--the public is ready for his return.

Just look at all this--Hitler books, Hitler movies...
"Adolf, We Hardly Knew Ye"

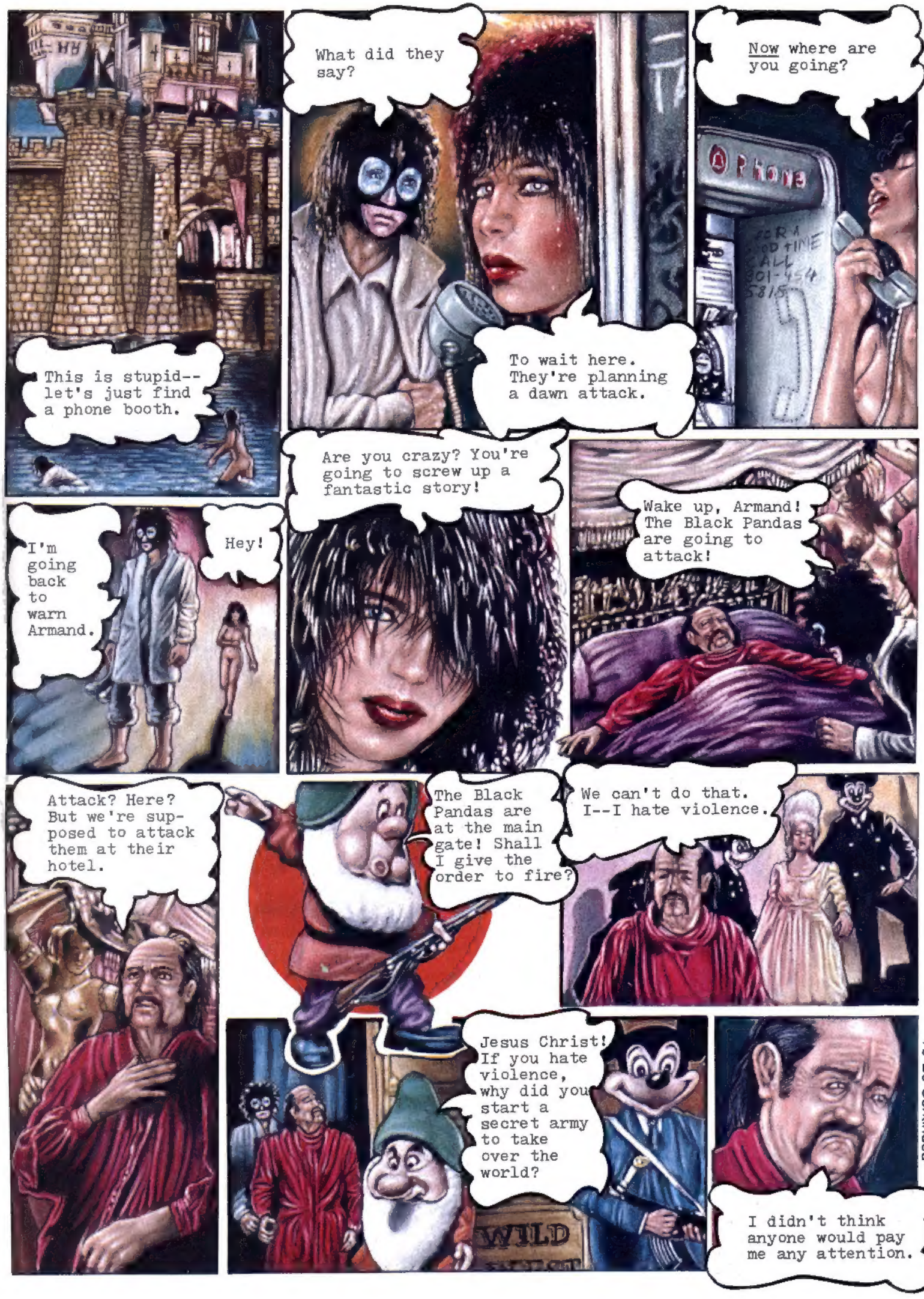
HITLER MON AMO
...even a Hitler board game--"Hungry, Hungry Hitlers!"
I invented it myself. See, the Hitlers gobble up little marbles with the names of European countries on them.
But Armand, this Hitler is scared of guns--he's only interested in redecorating the Enchanted Castle.
Well--all great men have an artistic streak.
So Armand refused to listen to you.
He wants to use Adolf for photo opportunities when the Dominoes attack the Black Pandas tomorrow.
We've got to escape and warn them.
I'll get something to smash your chains with.
That's okay--they're just made of plastic.

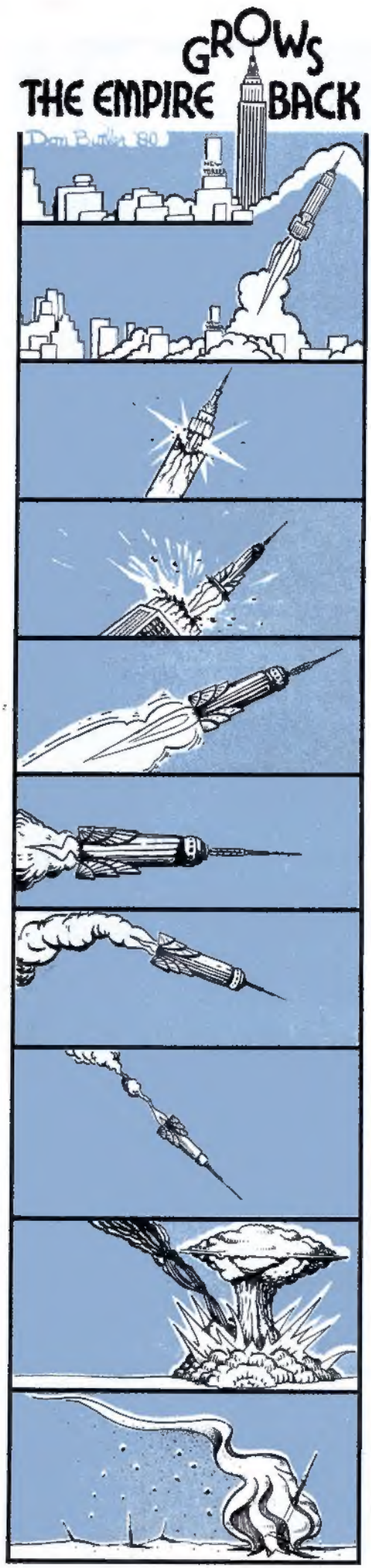


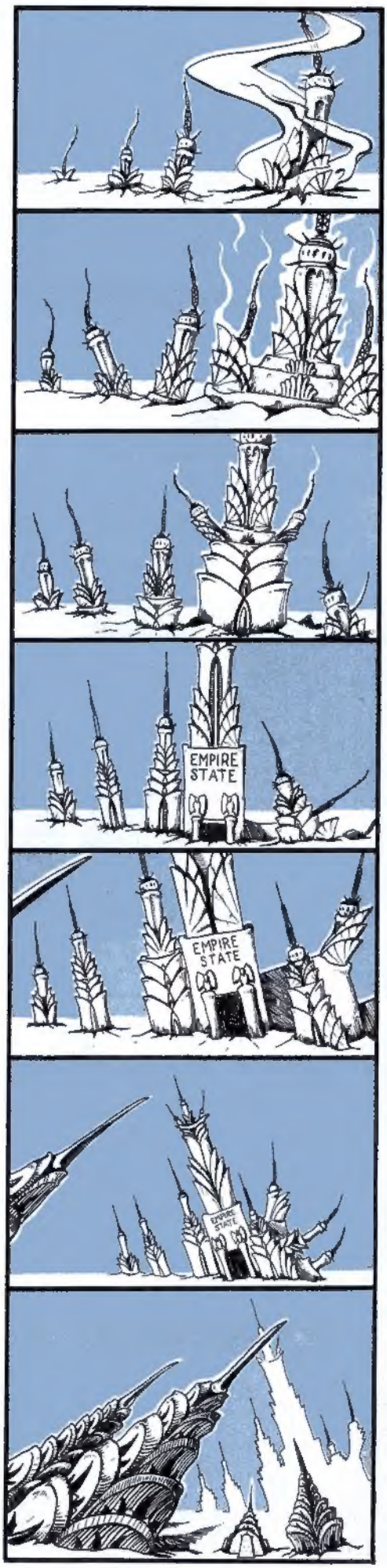


We crept aboard as quietly as mice--

--but once inside, we couldn't start the engine.


This is stupid-- let's just find a phone booth.
What did they say?
To wait here. They're planning a dawn attack.
Now where are you going?
Phone
I'm going back to warn Armand.
Hey!
Are you crazy? You're going to screw up a fantastic story!
Wake up, Armand! The Black Pandas are going to attack!
Attack? Here? But we're supposed to attack them at their hotel.
The Black Pandas are at the main gate! Shall I give the order to fire?
We can't do that. I--I hate violence.
Jesus Christ! If you hate violence, why did you start a secret army to take over the world?
WILD
I didn't think anyone would pay me any attention.
To Be Continued





COMING NEXT MONTH

With the continuation of the best fantasy stories ever to hit these shores —**Bloodstar**, **What Is Reality, Papa?**, **Tex Arcana**, and **Rock Opera**, to name but a few—one might quandar, "Yeah, but don'tcha have nothing new?"

Boy, do we ever.

Harry North's bird's-eye view of the streets of London: how true is it?

Juan Giminez took time off from his stint on the *Heavy Metal* movie to grace these pages with a gutsy strip, **Goodbye Soldiers.**

For a bit of *reality*, Victor Bockris tangles with incubi and succubi, who stimulate not only sexually but also mentally.

Plus a new Caza wonder and Esteban Maroto on the cover.

Until then . . .

In the basement of a university medical school Dr. Jessup floats naked in total darkness. The most terrifying experiment in the history of science is out of control...and the subject is himself.
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Out like a lamb
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